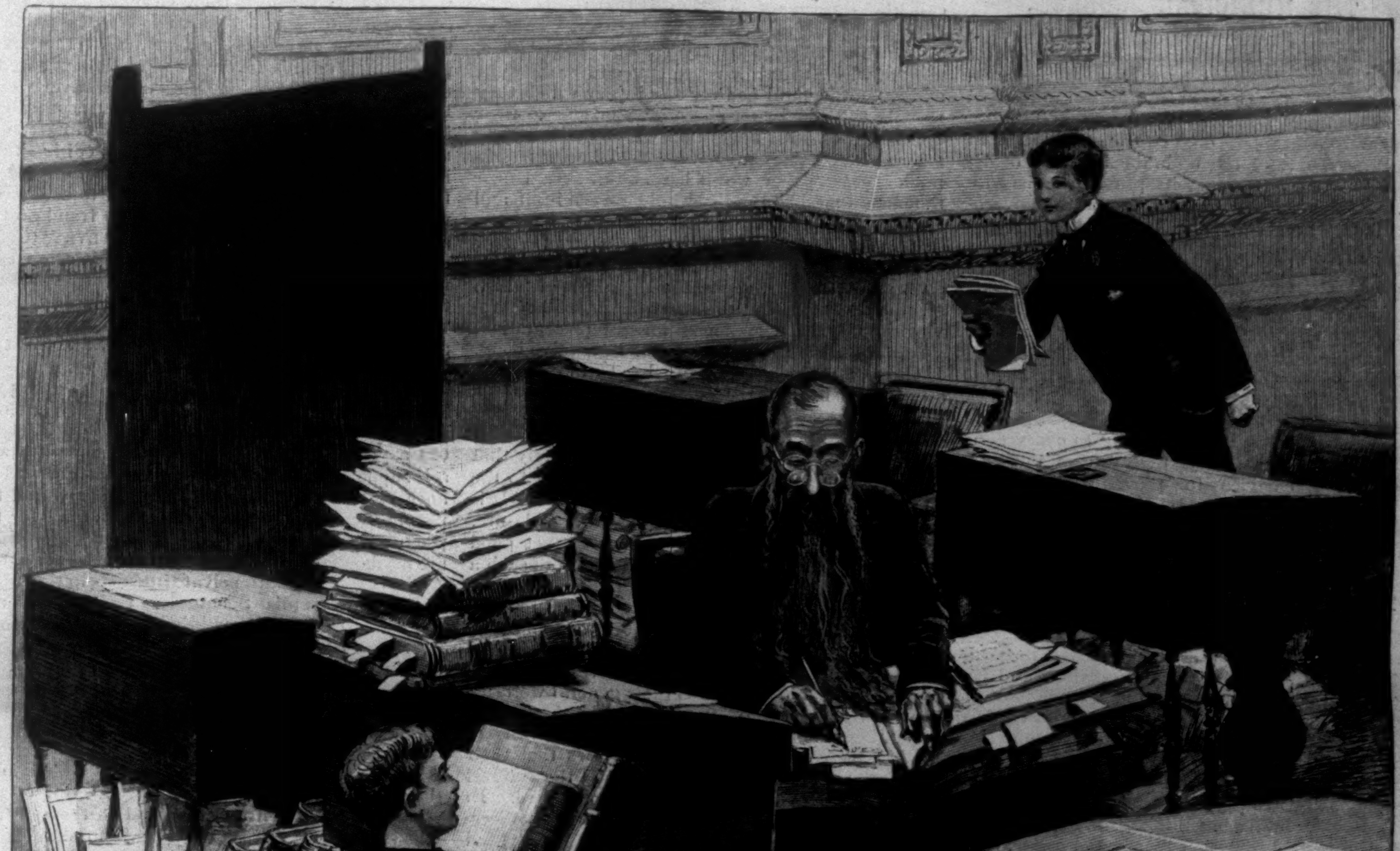
IMPORTANT ARTICLE FROM MADRID IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2096.
Copyright, 1897, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE SENATOR FROM KANSAS PREPARING AN ORATORICAL ERUPTION.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
(Twenty-four Pages.)
New York City, February 20, 1897.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MAILING-TUBES.

Upon request, copies of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be mailed by the publishers in pasteboard tubes to any subscriber for seventy-five cents a year in addition to the regular subscription price. Single copies will be sent as above upon receipt of two cents extra per copy.*

THE MUNICIPAL PROBLEM.

In the effort to frame a charter for the government of what is known as the Greater New York, the commissioners have been greatly hampered not only by existing conditions of municipal government, but by existing theories as to what municipal government ought to be—theories that have grown out of the undoubted failure of democracy thus far to meet its problem satisfactorily. Under popular control municipal government is generally corrupt. New York is not singular in this respect. Indeed, we fancy that New York is, on the whole, the best governed large city in the country. It presents a favorable contrast to Boston, or Philadelphia, or Cincinnati, or Chicago, or San Francisco, not to speak of Brooklyn, which is the victim of exceptional conditions the existence of which makes consolidation essential to her own interests and to the interests of the State at large. So corrupt has municipal politics become that the first idea occurring to every conscientious charter-maker is that reform must be sought through devices for preventing rascality. The typical reformer would make municipal government a series of checks against rogues. He would base his charter on the theory that all city politicians will always be corrupt, and that the people are never to be trusted. Such a conception is not conducive to ideal government, which, above all else, must be effective. A system, however, that prevents action because action might be inimical to the best interests of the municipality, and because it would present opportunities for jobbery and for all sorts of corruption, must be a confession of weakness which this young democracy ought not yet to make.

It is because bad government has prevailed so long and so disastrously, and because the ideal city charter has gradually taken the form, in the minds of good men, of legislation to prevent crime, that the difficulties of the Greater New York Commission have been enormously increased. The labors of the commission have been severe, and the commissioners appear to have done their work with the single purpose of giving to the Greater New York a better government than that of any one of its component parts. Mr. SETH LOW, whose experience has been large, whose abilities are recognized, and whose loyalty to municipal reform is beyond question, says that the proposed charter does provide for a better form of government than is now enjoyed by either New York or Brooklyn. We are not prepared to dispute Mr. LOW'S judgment on this point, for he reaches his conclusion by balancing the good things in the commission's work with things that he admits are evil.

It occurs to us, however, that Mr. LOW'S admissions are of much importance, for they demonstrate the absolute necessity of further delay in the work of charter-making. The establishment of a government for the Greater New York is far and away the largest experiment that a democracy has ever made in municipal politics. Heretofore municipal legislatures have been failures, and it is proposed to govern New York through a large bicameral legislature. Mr. LOW admits that the projected municipal legislative body is badly constructed. It has also been found that an important, perhaps the most important, source of corruption in the municipal affairs of New York has been bipartisan bargains between the "boss" of the country and the "boss" of the city through the agency of a bipartisan police commission. But the charter proposes to continue this partnership.

We do not oppose the theory underlying the establishment of a large municipal legislative body. We quite agree with Mr. LOW that a municipal legislature with increased powers would probably make for better government. In granting the proposed new legislature larger powers than are possessed by ordinary municipal councils and boards of aldermen, the commission has made a distinct advance in the right direction. The difficulty is that the advance has not been great enough, and that no advance whatever ought to be made if the legislature is to be hampered by the retention of administrative and executive powers and duties which always have furnished convenient instrumentalities for increasing the political importance of the aldermen, who are generally unworthy men.

There are two ways in which an American municipality may be governed. Under one method the city is regarded as a strictly business corporation. Under the other method the city would be governed by the representatives of the people directly interested; it would have a representative government. Mr. HEWITT favors the first method, and if Mr. HEWITT, or some one like Mr. HEWITT, could be the head of the corporation, and if his board of directors could be elected by the tax-payers alone, and be free to manage the common property without outside interference, the method might be excellent. But the essential evil is that the heads of the corporation would not govern; they would be governed by an outside body, the State Legislature, most of whose members represent country districts, and cannot be punished for any injury which they may do the city by an abuse or a misuse of their opportunities. A corporation whose by-laws were made by an outside body not responsible to the stockholders or tax-payers would be an absurdity. Under the second method the city would govern itself, and its people would have precisely that kind of government which they elected to have. If the new charter should provide for a large legislative body, preferably for one house, the members of which should be chosen on a general ticket, and if provision should be made for minority representation, we should have the right kind of legislative body. If its powers over the purely local affairs of the city should be as large as those now exercised by the State Legislature, the plan would be all that could be desired. With such a legislative body, possessing such a jurisdiction, it is quite likely that Mr. LOW'S hope of attracting the best men to the service of the city would be amply fulfilled. It is not an answer to this that the State Legislature, with a larger jurisdiction, does not attract good men to its membership. The jurisdiction of such a municipal legislature would be much more directly interesting and important to the citizens of the municipality than is the jurisdiction of the State Legislature to the citizens of the State. The one would touch their pecuniary interests and their personal comfort; the other concerns their general welfare.

If a city can be governed under the democratic form, it can be best governed by a legislative body having such power and responsibilities that their exercise would keep constantly alive the interest and vigilance of those most vitally concerned. In the proposed charter a step is taken in this direction; but now that an opportunity for the best kind of municipal government consistent with democracy is presented, no short step should be taken. Much time will be lost if an inadequate charter is adopted, for reforms by amendment would come very slowly. Two years, five years, or any number of years would not be wasted if they were devoted to general public discussion and popular education, and if, at the end of the time, the Greater New York should have secured a charter under which the people of the city would govern themselves without interference from Albany, and under which, too, municipal life might enjoy all the advantages of modern progress unaccompanied by old corruptions. But no such government can grow out of half-way measures, or out of preventive criminal legislation. There is abundant time: why not take it in order that we may finally determine whether or not a great city can be properly governed by a democracy?

THE LOUD BILL IN THE SENATE.

It is believed in Washington that the LOUD postal bill will be defeated in the Senate. The bill passed the House on the 6th of January, and on its reaching the Senate Mr. CHANDLER at once took an interest in it, as he is the acting chairman of the committee which has jurisdiction of the subject. Whatever may have been his motive in offering them, the amendments proposed by him are calculated to arouse opposition. At present news-agents stand on the same footing as publishers, so far as the charges for sending periodicals to subscribers or to other agents is concerned, and to this the publishers do not object. They do object, however, to an advantage which news-agencies possess over publishers by reason of a ruling of the department as to return postage. Under that ruling unsold periodicals are returned to agencies at the rate of one cent a pound, while publishers are compelled to pay four cents for the same service. With the assent of both publishers and news-agents this inequality was corrected by the bill, but Mr. CHANDLER'S first amendment deprives the agencies of all right to participate in the one-cent rate for periodicals, whether sent out for sale or returned unsold. Naturally this amendment has aroused the active opposition of the agencies. Whether its intention was sinister or not, it certainly has had a sinister effect. Mr. CHANDLER has also enlisted the opposition of the publishers of the Sunday newspapers by offering an amendment trebling the rate of postage on their issues.

The bill ought to be passed as it came from the House. Its opponents are simply desirous that the government shall continue to pay seven-eighths of the cost of distributing their publications. They have no public good in view; on the contrary, they are considering their own pockets alone. Among the main objectors to the measure is Senator STEWART. He opposed the bill in behalf of small weeklies that support the cause of free silver. These weeklies have inconsiderable circulations, but live on spasmodic increases which follow the publication of some speech or document that the silver propaganda desires to circulate at the expense of the government. The circulation of a silver weekly, amounting to a few hundred, is thus sometimes increased to thousands, and even to hundreds of thousands. Mr. STEWART wants the edition thus increased for a special purpose to be considered as the regular edition of the paper, and to be distributed at public expense. This is one fraud on the government. Men like W. H. HARVEY (*Coin*) desire to circulate their cheap books at a low cost for transportation, and want the government thus to pay part of the cost of conducting their business. This is another fraud. Senators HALE and FRYE are active opponents of the bill in the interest of the Augusta (Maine) publishers.

All of these men—Senators, authors, and publishers—are doing their utmost to defeat a bill whose passage would save the government at least $10,000,000 a year, and make the Post-Office Department self-supporting. They are seeking the maintenance of the present bad system under which the people are taxed to this enormous amount for the pecuniary profit of private interests. The times are hard. The government needs greater revenues. And yet so potent are private interests in this country that they enlist Senators as their agents, and are able to defeat the public interests to sustain a fraud on the law, and to prevent the saving of money at a time when every dollar is needed for the maintenance of the public credit.

FREE PLAY.

Life repudiates the set forms of logic, and is therefore in all its drifting currents full of perplexity to the stern moralist, and to the reformer who sees in every difficulty a problem challenging rational explication and solution. No scientific student now ever thinks of bringing nature to book; but in human life the conscious regulation of conduct is a feature so eminent and distinctive as to awaken in the sociologist the hope that here at least it may be possible to reduce all the phenomena to system; but it is just here that he stands helpless in the face of what seems to him inexplicable folly and madness. "Come, let us reason together," pleads the sage; but the children in the market-place will not lament when he weeps, nor dance to his piping. Suppose they would—what then? Would life be more worth living?

Yet the tendency to constantly (or, we might rather say, inconstantly) higher and more complex organization is as apparent in human as in cosmic development. Not one step in this advance could have been taken if human conduct had been regulated in absolute conformity with the rules proposed by the rigid moralist. Not one of the rich harvests of innumerable human summers would ever have been garnered if efficient reformers had been let loose in the fields at every spring-time with full indulgence to pull up tares. The vital destiny is not arbitrary. The "increasing purpose" that runs through the ages is something deeper than the plummet of any of our most approved ethical maxims could sound, and has urgently driven its course through passions lifted to excess, through conflicting interests and prejudices, competitions and strifes, but always toward more intimate and complex association.

The spectacle presented at any stage of human history is not that of an ethical dress-parade, but suggests rather a passionate spiritual aspiration through the expression rather than the repression of the vital forces engaged. Perils are not only bravely met, but sought with adventurous spirit, and the zest of the game makes of success an ecstasy. In the whole course there is divine folly, and even a kind of divine madness, as well as the divine impulse. We have a faith in the divine event which we could not have in our best-laid schemes, whatever approval these might win from what we deem our better judgment.

The formal judgments of the severe moralist—especially those directed against what is considered by him the foolish extravagance of either the poor or the rich—are often as narrow and false as they are futile. The waste of substance is greater, comparatively, among the poor than among the rich. The poor man's saloon in England and America has its pitiable side, especially as compared with the German beer-garden, but its prosperity is in the good-fellowship it offers more than in the opportunity for self-indulgence. Other and more wholesome means of social enjoyment, if equally accessible, would be eagerly availed of by industrious workmen. The severe habit of thrift is sometimes adopted by these workmen with a view to the better education of children, but always there is in the prospect some chance of greater freedom for enjoyment. The joyous side of life, with some degree of festive *abandon*, appeals strongly to all classes of men. And these festive occasions among the rich have not their sole justification on the plea that through the liberal expenditure of money wealth is distributed in channels that give employment to labor. It is far more to the purpose that the spectacle of festivity among the wealthy appeals to the imagination of all classes, relieving conditions which would otherwise seem mean and sordid, or even miserly. The ball, the party, the costly dinner, the pleasure-yacht, the luxurious establishment, furnish legitimate incentives to the accumulation of wealth where other and more altruistic motives would fail to stimulate aspiration. It is worth the while to know that there is really some fun in being rich. The opportunity which great wealth gives for usefulness, in the organization of industry and in the endowment of educational and charitable institutions, is generally recognized; but the vital importance of the opportunities which it gives for the pursuit of happiness is too often ignored.

The high organization of social life leads to infinite variety and complexity in its diversions as well as in its industries; and as in the latter there is no impassable chasm between capital and labor, so in the former there is more of an incentive to eager aspiration than to envy and malice. As in the case of a physiological structure, the entire social body stands or falls in all its parts, which are mutually interdependent—so that no miserly Shylock can find a way to secure exactly his pound of flesh, and no prodigal spendthrift can be wholly useless to his fellows.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The business of being an American citizen seems to be becoming a more complex art than it used to be. The voter governs the country, and that has come to be a huge job, which needs to be very adroitly done, and in the accomplishment of which every voter must feel his responsibility. With the increase of wealth there has come to be far more talk than we have been used to hear about classes, and the supposed rivalry between the interests of the rich and the poor and of capital and labor. With the development of the West and the shifting of the centre of population have come tendencies to a jealousy between the West and the East, and suppositions as to conflicting interests between them, which mischief-makers have discerned to be worth cultivating. With the growth of our importance in the eyes of Europeans, and the increase of our familiarity with them, and theirs with us, our national attitude toward various peoples of Europe and the purposes of European governments has come to be much more discussed than it used to be, and to offer grounds for differences of opinion which are of sufficient concern to affect our political conduct. The exhumation of the Monroe doctrine and the expounding of its purposes and intentions have complicated our attitude both to our European and our American neighbors. The recent ransacking of the theories of finance has compelled the intelligent voter to get what grasp he can of that, and to determine what sort of money he wants, and through what sort of fiscal machinery he desires to have it distributed.

Gentlemen who discourse after dinner to other gentlemen on the birthday of Washington will have much to say about all these matters. They will not be content to tell what a great people we are, but will feel constrained also to point out how very serious and important has come to be the task of keeping the great republic which the fathers started in the course which they planned for it. They will quote our first President's wise words, and cite his forecast of the republic's future, and his suggestions as to her policy. They will talk about him—and this is a remarkable thing—to a generation which probably knows him better and appreciates him more fully than any since his own. Washington the man has been rediscovered. His modern biographers found him an imposing figure, but they have left him a real man. He could well stand the loss of any trappings they have stripped from him. He seems more human than he used to seem, but he is as great, as dignified, as wise, and as supremely patriotic as ever. Indeed, he seems to have grown with the country, and to loom up even bigger behind the perspective of time than he did near at hand.

Familiarity with his life and his words will not necessarily increase our practical knowledge about tariff, or trusts, or the rights of corporations, or the present policy of Great Britain, or the usefulness of silver as a money metal, or even as to the propriety of recognizing the independence of Cuba; but it will help us greatly to settle in our minds what sort of a creature our ideal American should be—what should be his desires for himself and his hopes for his country, and to what sacrifices of his personal preferences he should be willing to submit that his usefulness as a citizen may be the greater. Our father George loved the reasonable pleasures of life, loved to make money and to spend it, and was most attentive to his personal concerns. Yet for twenty-five years he put his private interests and pleasures aside and lived at his own cost, engrossed in public business. Conditions have greatly changed since his time, and entry into the public service is not so easy or so agreeable to men of his tastes and associations as it was to him. But to first-rate men who will take the trouble and spare the time it may still be possible; and first-rate men must take the time and trouble to do their share of government, or expect to pay for the consequences of their neglect. If their countrymen do not call to them, they must call to their countrymen. If they are fit men, they may still make themselves heard.

DELUSIONS OF BIMETALLISM.

Among the advocates of bimetallism there are sincere and earnest men, moved by a philanthropic impulse. To judge from their utterances many of them are haunted by a gloomy apprehension that the great mass of mankind is at present in a condition of exceptionally dreadful distress and misery, threatening to grow much worse. This calamitous state of things they ascribe to the paralyzing effect of the diminution of the world's money, which they think has been caused by the so-called demonetization of silver and the establishment of the gold standard. The only remedy they can see is the complete "rehabilitation" of silver as a money metal and the general establishment of the double standard of values. Having persuaded themselves of the necessity of this remedy, they readily assume the possibility of its application; and in this respect they encourage themselves with the belief that an overwhelming majority of civilized mankind is not only in favor of it, but positively yearning for it, and that only the malign influence of a conspiracy of powerful financiers within a square mile around the Bank of England or within hearing distance of Wall Street in New York stands in the way of the happy consummation.

Here we have a remarkable structure of false conclusions built upon a ground-work of false premises. It is an instructive instance of the imagination of otherwise sensible persons running away with their understanding. In the first place, the very evil which these philanthropists mean to remedy is not such as they assume. To be sure, there is much poverty, distress, and suffering in this world—more than enough to move a good heart to pity. All the more should we be careful to base our schemes of relief upon a correct diagnosis of the evil. While it is true that much misery exists, it is not true that it is at present of exceptional extent, or that of late years it has been growing worse. On the contrary, the general condition of mankind as to material well-being is not nearly as unsatisfactory as it was fifty or thirty years ago. It has decidedly improved, especially since the period which to the mind of the bimetallist marks the beginning of progressive calamity—the period of the establishment of the gold standard in Germany and in the United States. Not only has there been in the countries named, as well as in England—the leading gold-standard country of the world—a most remarkable industrial development during that period, but the condition of the great masses of the people has, temporary depressions and cases of local distress notwithstanding, on the whole, strikingly changed for the better.

This is so well known a fact that it hardly requires proof in detail. But by way of illustration certain figures may be quoted which were recently published by the government Bureau of Statistics. An increased consumption of the things which enter into the daily life of every individual, especially of those things which, although in common use, are not necessaries in the strictest sense, is always a trustworthy symptom of rising prosperity among the many. Now it is shown that in the last thirty years the per capita consumption of sugar in the United States has risen 250 per cent., that of coffee more than 60, and that of tea more than 20 per cent. Moreover, the average consumption of wheat is one-fifth, and that of malt beverages nearly three times, greater than it was thirty years ago. A symptom of the same nature is it that every American on an average now spends three times as much money on letter postage as he did thirty years ago. The statistics of other gold-standard countries show similar results.

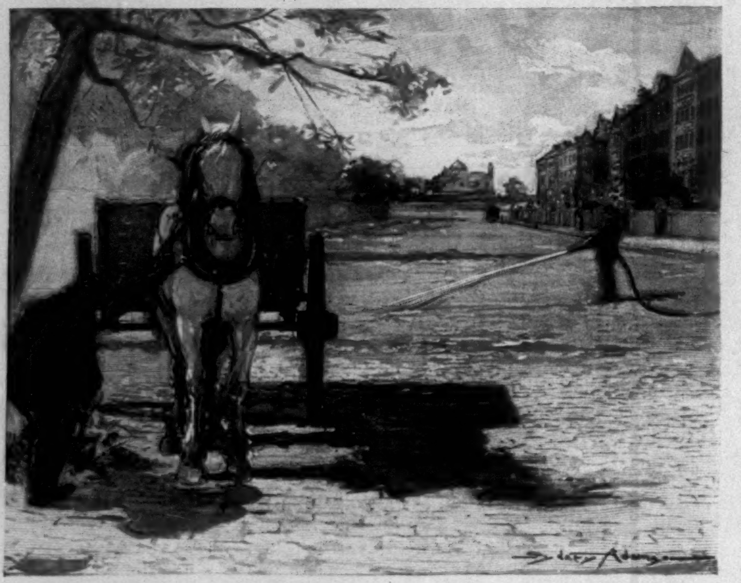
Drawing logical conclusions from such facts, the bimetallist, to be candid, would have to admit that if the establishment of the gold standard had any effect upon the material well-being of the great masses of mankind at all, it has been in the way, not of deterioration, but of marked improvement.

In the same conclusive fashion will the statisticians disprove his pretence that the volume of current money has diminished since the establishment of the gold standard; for they show by figures that the per capita circulation has actually increased. And this fact suffices to expose the hollowness of the well-worn assertion with which we have been plied for years, that the extensive decline in prices is owing to a diminution in the volume of current money. If the volume of money had determined the movement of prices, might it not be legitimately said that prices had gone down because the volume of money had gone up?

But the most characteristic delusion of the bimetallists is their belief that, excepting a small number of persons interested in the gold standard, all mankind is fairly hungering and thirsting for the realization of their scheme. The method by which the propagandist of bimetallism swells his roll of adherents is a very simple one. You ask ten persons whom you happen to meet whether it would not be a nice thing to have some arrangement by which silver and gold could be made safely to circulate together, thus giving the world about twice as much money as it has now—and nine of these persons, not having given the matter much careful thought, will probably reply that this would be a nice thing indeed. The propagandist of bimetallism then promptly registers them among the firm believers in his panacea, and thus puts down a majority of nine to one. But what will the nine reply when asked the farther questions, whether they think it possible, by mere legal enactment or by international agreement, to raise the market price of silver—which is now 65 cents an ounce—to $1 29 an ounce, so as to make silver money acceptable at the ratio of 16 to 1; or whether they think that any other ratio can be agreed upon, and which, if agreed upon, would bring about a practicable double standard of values; or whether they think that any of the great commercial nations which are carrying on their business successfully on the gold standard will be inclined to abandon that standard to the end of making so reckless an experiment? Confronted by such practical questions, the majority of nine to one will instantly evaporate. Only some visionary who hopes against hope will remain, or some debtor who has a vague impression that bimetallism will in some way relieve him of his incumbrances. Whoever doubts that this will be the result may look at the outcome of the international conferences which have been held on this matter. There was in them much eloquence so long as the "general subject" was orated upon. But when the question turned up how the thing was practically to be done, the members soon found it was time to break up and go home. This will inevitably be the result wherever the matter is intelligently discussed. In every civilized country the business community is overwhelmingly against the double standard. The yearning of mankind for bimetallism is a myth.

The serious consideration in Congress of a bill to bring about another international conference on bimetallism is one of the ghastliest performances of our day. Hardly any of the men who vote for it believe in the possibility of accomplishing the object. To say that the Republican platform obliges the party to make the attempt is like saying that a platform may oblige a party to galvanize a dead body into life. The outcome can be only to shake the confidence of the world in the intelligence or good faith of the American people, which seemed to shine so brilliantly in the late Presidential election, to discredit the meaning of the sound-money victory, and to furnish to the silver agitators in the United States an official endorsement of their most captivating arguments with which to make a new campaign.

Carl Schurz.



GATHERING UP THE SWEEPINGS AND SPRINKLING THE STREETS OF BRUSSELS.

STREET-COMMISSIONER WARING'S TOUR OF OBSERVATION IN EUROPE.

BY GEO. E. WARING, JUN.

VIII.—BRUSSELS.

NEW YORK has about ten times the population of Brussels and about six times the amount of street to be cleaned. The cost of street-cleaning in New York is $3,000,000; in Brussels it is $100,000 (500,000 francs). The cost per person of the population here is about $1 50; there it is about 50 cents. The cost per mile here is about $7000; there it is $1350. Wages here are $2 per day; there they are 50 cents per day.

Disregarding wages and making the comparison by day's work, we find that in New York the working force equals 5½ men per mile of street, while the Brussels force is $4\frac{6}{10}$ men per mile.

The work in Brussels is excellently well done, and the whole administration is good. It is all under the control of one Director, Mr. Smeyen, who has organized the entire service, and who has won great credit for it. The work comprises:

1. The sweeping of all the streets and public places, and the cleansing of the outlying park, "Le Bois de la Cambre."
2. The removal of all sweepings and house wastes.
3. Street-sprinkling, and the flushing of streets, alleys, and courts.
4. The cleansing of sewer inlets.
5. The care of urinals.
6. Disinfection on the public highways.
7. The collection and removal of the wastes of the abattoir and of the fish-market.
8. The removal of snow and ice.
9. The sale of the collections for fertilizing, or their removal to a depot some four miles from the city, on the canal to the Scheldt.
10. The administration of the *personnel* of the service, the manufacture and maintenance of carts, tools, etc., the purchase of horses and forage, etc.

N. B.—It is forbidden to discharge any street sweepings into the sewer.

The department dates back to 1560, when the wastes of the town were deposited at the point now occupied by the main depot. Since 1853 the work has been greatly improved and systematized.

The present station and the canal basin were completed in 1865. Formerly the street-cleaning was done by a contractor, who paid the city for the privilege, selling the manure, etc., on his own account. The city received 6960 francs in 1836, the amount increasing, until in 1846 it reached 26,940 francs. Later the work was taken in hand by the city, and the profit reached 75,505 francs in 1856. The construction and use of sewers soon reduced the amount of night-soil to be collected and sold, and as the sanitary condition improved, the financial returns fell off. The people, too, became more and more exacting in the matter of complete sweeping and better sprinkling, so that in 1858 there was a net outlay of 11,950 francs, which by 1865 had grown to 102,000 francs. This led the Council to let out the work for an annual payment by the city of 81,000 francs.

Experience showed that this was not a good plan. There was a perfect "deluge" of reclamations and of complaints of bad service, and public dissatisfaction became so great that in 1871 the city again undertook the work on its own account, with the satisfactory results that have continued until this day.

The limited size of the city allows the concentration of all the main appliances of the service at one point, the Quai de la Voierie, near the Custom-house, in the northwest part of the city. A large basin has been formed in connection with the canal, and the buildings of the department are separated from this by a broad esplanade. The carts, wagons, sweeping-machines, and water-carts are stored in the building. There is stabling for the 80 horses used, the necessary storage-room and shops, and a "destructor" recently built on the English model. There are residences and offices for the Director and his staff, and the whole establishment has the well-kept air of a military post. Eight iron canal-boats constitute the removal fleet. These are loaded from the carts along the esplanade. The refuse is picked over by the men themselves, and they are allowed to sell what they cull out for their own account. The sweeping of the streets is done mainly by hand, with the occasional accessory use of sweeping-machines, which work only at night. The city is divided into eleven sections, and the outlying park forms a twelfth. Each section has its Supervisor, who is responsible for all details of its work to the Director, who is in turn accountable to the Magistrate of Public Works.

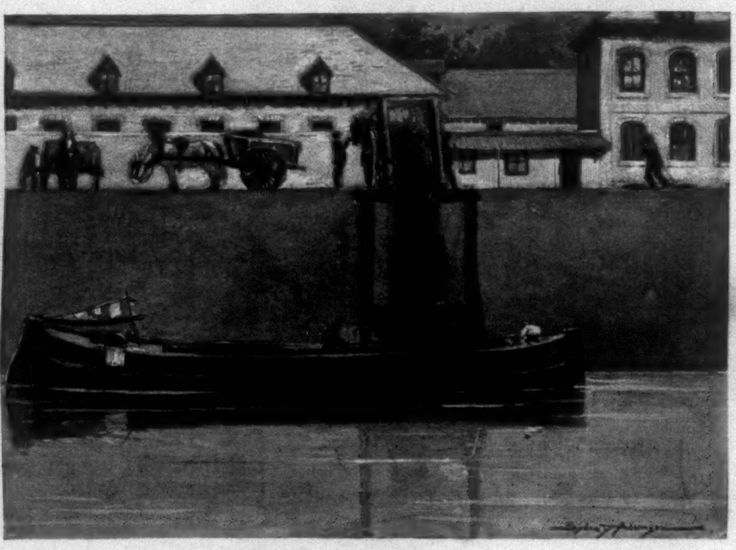
The Supervisors work in accordance with certain general regulations, but they are allowed much discretion as to methods, as the conditions to be met are very various.

The work of sweeping, sprinkling, flushing, and disinfection begins at four in summer and at five in winter. It continues, according to needs, until three or four in the afternoon. A half-hour is allowed for breakfast, and an hour for the mid-day meal. On Sunday, work ceases at eleven. The sweepers work in groups on the heaviest part of the work during the first two hours of the day.

At six in summer and at seven in winter the collection with the carts begins. The groups of sweepers are then broken up; about seventy of them are detailed to help the drivers to load their carts, and the others repair to their appointed routes, which they care for during the rest of the day. Some of them sprinkle the main streets, the boulevards, and the roads of the Bois de la Cambre with the hose and jet. The streets are sprinkled throughout the day with water-carts.

For the collection of house wastes the city is divided into sixty-eight routes, each having its own cart, which makes two or three trips, according to distance. The carts take up the sweepings as they go. They are very large, and the loads average $2\frac{4}{10}$ cubic yards, which is about one-half more than the New York load. The house collections are finished about ten or eleven o'clock, except on Fridays and Saturdays, when they may last a couple of hours longer.

The sprinkling of the streets is mainly done by drivers selected from among those who have cleaned up their routes. In dry weather the sweepers sprinkle with the hose the spaces which they are to sweep. This early sprinkling, the flushing of gutters, and the washing of courts, make it possible to delay the use of the water-carts until somewhat late in the day. It is estimated that from April to September one million gallons of water are used daily for the street service.



LOADING BARGES WITH MANURE IN FRONT OF THE MAIN DEPOT.

In each section one man has the care of the urinals; he is also charged with the disinfection of all places in his section which require such treatment.

The removal of the detritus of the abattoir and of the fish-market is, as far as possible, done at night, with covered wagons specially constructed for the purpose.

Concerning the removal of snow and ice, as I had no occasion to see its actual performance, I translate all that is said about it in the Director's memorandum of the service:

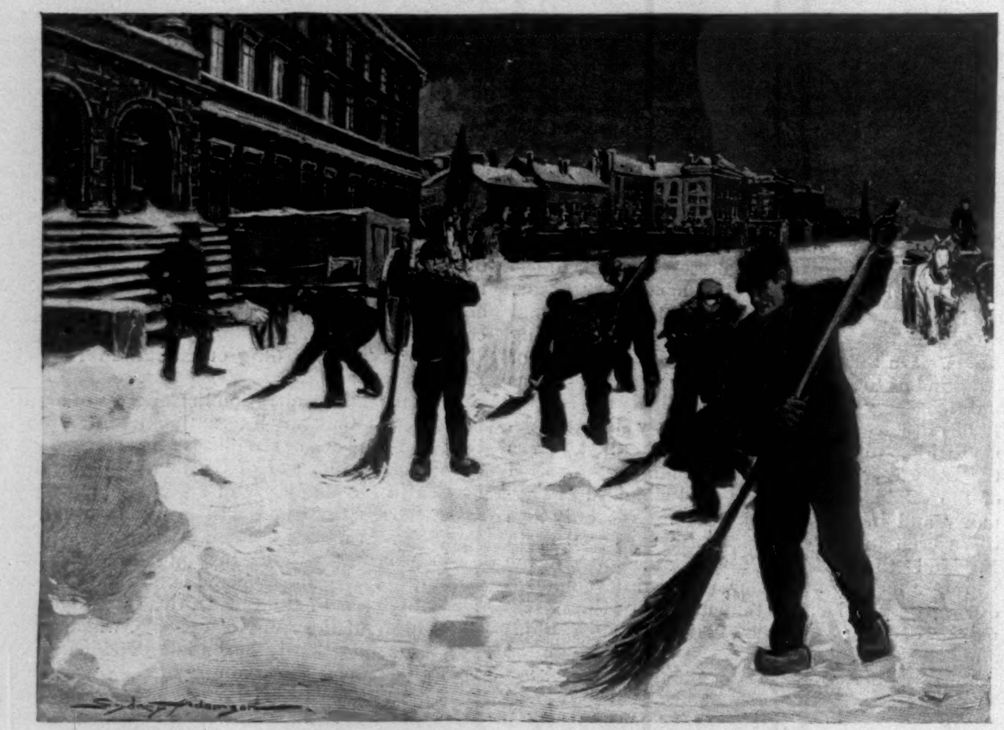
"To effect the prompt disappearance of snow, its melting is secured with the aid of salt, containing at least ninety per cent. of chloride of sodium. This salt costs about four dollars per ton.

"The use of salt has sometimes been criticised. Its use in Brussels is justified by its economy, and also because the city has in its territory not a single place where the snow taken from the streets could be piled; it would all have to be dumped into the covered river (la Senne) which lies under the central boulevards. Fourteen man-holes for this purpose have been built in the arch. The extraordinary work that has to be done in time of snow is the subject of a special organization, conforming to the depth of the fall. On such occasions the administration gathers all men out of work who are capable of holding a shovel or a broom. These are very numerous at this season of the year."

The collected wastes are offered for sale as manure at a tariff of prices fixed by the Administration of the Commune. It is mainly sent out in boats. What fails to find a purchaser is sent about four miles out on the canal and deposited on city property at Schaerbeek.

Assorted sweepings are offered "free on board" cars at Schaerbeek for forty cents per ton. Its agricultural value, by analysis, is two or three times this price. Another notice informs those who live in the city or its suburbs that the department will furnish the same material by the cart-load at their residences; and that it is an "excellent manure for lawns, vegetable gardens, pleasure gardens, and green-houses." The price is according to distance—the minimum being eighty cents per ton. The sales in 1894 amounted to $11,330, which was 12 per cent. of the net expense of the street-cleaning service.

The authorities of Brussels have paid much attention to the question of cremation, to be applied not only to garbage and other offensive matters, but to the whole mass of material collected by the department. A commission was sent to England in 1887 to examine the methods there in use. They reported in favor of the adoption of the sys-



RECRUITS FROM THE UNEMPLOYED CLEARING SNOW FROM THE STREETS OF BRUSSELS.

tem then working at Leeds, this to be applied to all the wastes in times of epidemic. In the absence of this condition, only so much would be cremated as could not be sold.

The conclusions of the commission were the subject of a long discussion in 1891, and were adopted by a vote of 17 to 4.

The report of 1894 describes the installation of two furnaces built together, having a combined length of 37½ feet, a width of 14½ feet, and a height of 13½ feet. These furnaces stand near the stables on the north side of the yard, opposite to the weigh-bridge. They are found to answer a good purpose, and they are to be added to until capacity is secured sufficient for the incineration of the entire output in time of need.

A careful examination of the street-cleaning organization of Brussels produces the impression of great completeness and of most careful and successful administration. It is, taken all in all, the best thing of its kind that I found during my investigations. The reason for its success is not far to seek. It is the result of that "aristocracy in official affairs" that our politicians are wont to decry when they discuss civil service reform. It is due to the fact that every man in the service is assured of the stability of his position, and is safe in devoting his entire thought and energy to his work. "Rotation in office" and "the expiration of his term of appointment" do not disturb him. He need only do his work well and faithfully, and his future is assured. He is very ill paid from our stand-point, but he can live comfortably on his pay, and he is well cared for and well thought of.

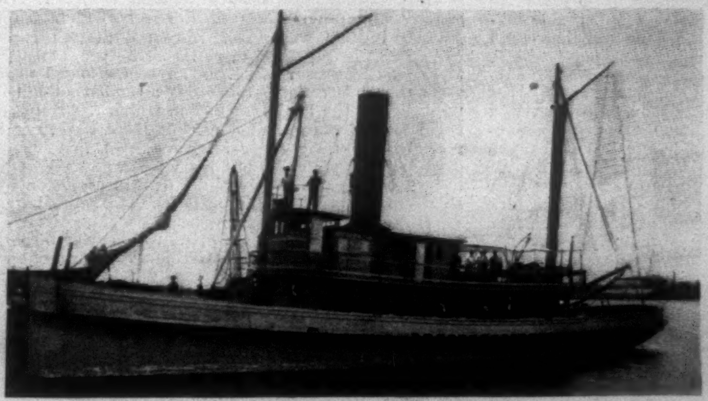
The benefit fund of the department in 1894 received from its members $1272, the city added $1228, and other receipts swelled the total to $2837.

It paid to those who were sick $1970; doctors' fees, $343; medicine and surgery, $330; funeral expenses, $58; special aid to workmen, $91; expenses, $7 60—in all $2799 60.

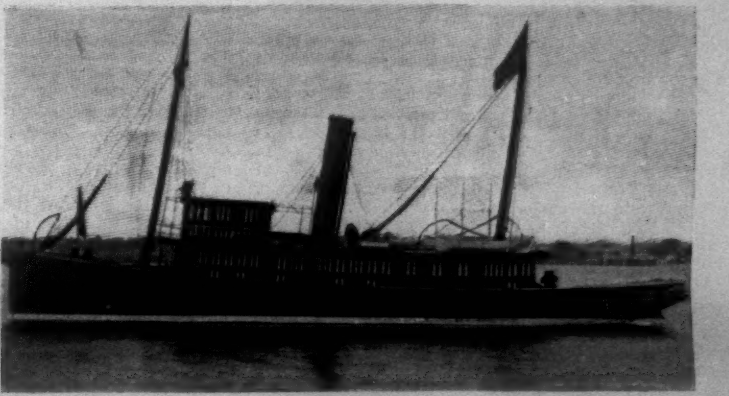
"N. B.—The delegates of the workmen have had four meetings in the year 1894, in which they have been able to assure themselves that no expense foreign to the aims of the institution has been carried into the account."

MUSIC AND DRAMA

If Mistress "Perdita" Robinson's Prince Florizel could visit the glimpses of the calcium at the Lyceum Theatre, he would see himself vindicated against the aspersions of the chroniclers, and would rejoice to find his own opinion of himself backed by so competent an authority as Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. He would be delighted to find that, in spite of the satirists, he is still regarded as a tolerably fine fellow. He would not be startled by Mr. Hackett's resemblance to himself; but the actor is the more princely for not looking too much like the "fat Adonis," as Leigh Hunt called the First Gentleman of Europe. Prince Charming still exercises his spell upon the feminine imagination, and the feminine heart still warms to him, in spite of the enemies he has made among moralists and biographers. Since Mr. Mansfield's success with *Beau Brummel*, fanciful biography and picturesque ana are having their day upon the stage, and the foot-lights of the theatre are being turned freely on the side-lights of history. A style of play which may be called "biographical comedy" is in vogue, and the native dramatist's fancy does curiously incline to "all centuries but this and every country but his own." The problem play inevitably bores; contemporaneous human interest makes us think of our troubles; the present inclination of the playwright is to explore biographical byways, desert the black-and-white drama, and go in for aquarelle comedy. Of all the plays of old-world atmosphere recently produced, none has been prettier to look at, none more enjoyable, than *The First Gentleman of Europe*, written by Mrs. Burnett in collaboration with George Fleming. The subject is happily chosen, and the treatment is so skilful that it refutes the theory that novelists cannot be dramatists. The first act is a trifle languid in action, while here and there throughout the piece slight excisions might be made in the dialogue; still, the redundancy is not great, and it is difficult to discover any other defect in the workmanship. The story is clear, straightforward, and interesting; the construction is nearly flawless, the characters are well drawn and contrasted, while the dialogue is of exceptional force and polish. The language is in the spirit of the play's period, yet without the conventional affectations; it is vigorous, witty, and in faultless taste. The collaborators have written with masculine firmness and feminine delicacy. The spoken lines create precisely the effect intended; and this is a rare quality, for in this irreverent age it is not easy for a dramatist to write a serious or pathetic speech which some ribald wight will not laugh at. In copying the mannerisms of speech of a period Mrs. Burnett has been more successful than she was in dealing with the dialogue of her Queen Anne folk in *A Lady of Quality*. The situation at the end of the second act is stirring, as strong as a comedy needs, and it is led up to with admirable tact. The third act is strong in incident, and the conduct of the Prince here is effective theatrically, however untrue it may be to the character of his Royal Highness. But of course it is as a comedy, and not as a historical document, that the authors expect their work to be judged. People who wish to know what sort of Prince the festive George was can find plenty of anecdotage about him. The gossiping Robert Huish, to whom Mrs. Burnett confesses her indebtedness, is only one of several chroniclers who have dealt with the private life of "the First Gentleman of Europe." If this royal scapegrace ever treated any woman with chivalry, his friendliest biographers have failed to record it; but the Prince of Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Hackett is beautifully whitewashed, and the young women patrons of the Lyceum will find him most attractive. Mr. Hackett represents the Prince with dignity and elegance. It is the best work this young actor has done, well studied, reposeful, and with fine flashes of spirit. And his costumes! Small wonder that the people of England groaned under the debts of Florizel. The Daphne to this Apollo is Miss Mary Mannering, who looks a composite of a poster-girl and a Burne-Jones seraph. Miss Mannering is all eyes and magnetism, a pre-Raphaelite damsel. Her portrait may be found in that 1857 volume of Tennyson which Rossetti and Holman Hunt illustrated. Miss Mannering's Daphne is pathetic and sympathetic. If she is to make a specialty of persecuted damsels, her eyes alone are worth any salary

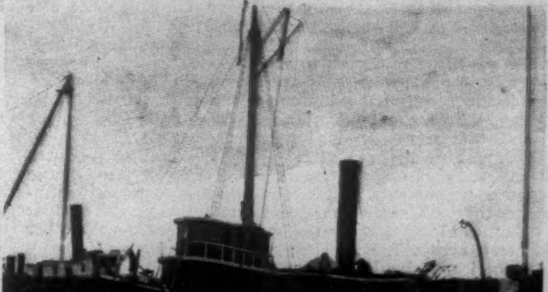


THE "THREE FRIENDS."



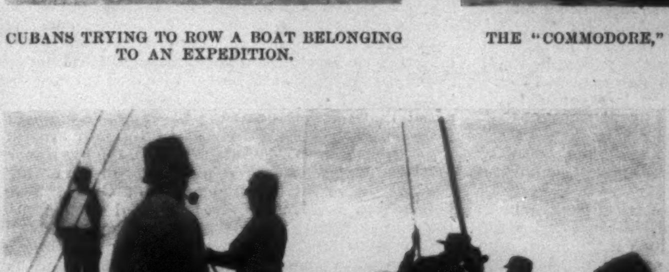
THE "DAUNTLESS."

CUBANS TRYING TO ROW A BOAT BELONGING TO AN EXPEDITION.

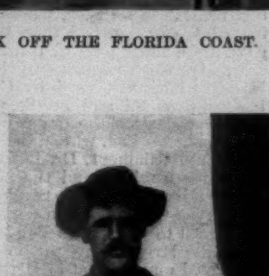


THE "COMMODORE," SUNK OFF THE FLORIDA COAST.

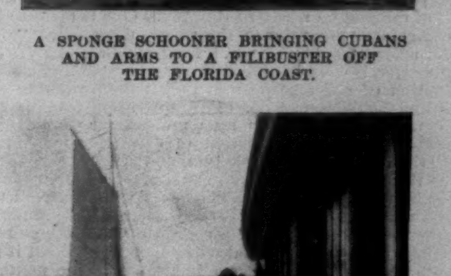
A SPONGE SCHOONER BRINGING CUBANS AND ARMS TO A FILIBUSTER OFF THE FLORIDA COAST.



CREW LOADING A FILIBUSTER—CUBAN OFFICERS CONSULTING ON BOARD.



MIKE WALSH,
Ex-Gunner U. S. S. *Maine*, who fired the Gun on the *Three Friends*.



LOADING ARMS ON BOARD THE "DAUNTLESS" WHILE OFF NO-NAME KEY.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—WITH THE FLORIDA FILIBUSTERS.—[See Page 186.]

that Mr. Frohman may pay her. As the doddering father of Daphne, Mr. Felix Morris dodders perpetually; he minces his speeches in prunes and prisms fashion, and his old-school babbling of "me che-ild" supplies the only unconscious humor of the play. Miss Shotwell's Lady Sark looks like Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire, and she plays the court coquette with charm and grace. Edward Morgan's George Carteret is manly and sincere, and Frank Mills presents a well-studied characterization of one of the boon companions of the Prince. Charles Walcot is excellent in a part of the Sir Anthony Absolute sort. In fact, the acting throughout is nearly as good as the charming comedy deserves. The stage pictures are a delight to the eye, and play and production form one of those happy combinations which not only deserve success, but have it. If Mrs. Burnett can give the public plays as good as this, she should devote more of her time to stage-work. There are so many novelists and so few dramatists!

Mr. F. Marion Crawford has replied to the critics who disapproved of *Dr. Claudius*, stating that he is in no wise discouraged by the reception of that play, and is determined to win success as a dramatist. Undoubtedly he will reach the goal of this ambition, though there is in *Dr. Claudius* less warrant for belief in his success than may be found in his novels. In most of Mr. Crawford's stories there is excellent dramatic material. It is difficult to understand why he chose *Dr. Claudius* for his first experiment in dramatization, as this is one of his works which offer little attraction to the playwright. Mr. Crawford certainly has a fine appreciation of the dramatic and the picturesque. If he give his time and labor to stage-work, he will unquestionably succeed when he acquires that which Jules Claretie calls "*la doigté du dramaturge.*" He may even write the "great American play," which has been such a long time on the way. *Dr. Claudius*, however, is not the great American play. Mr. Crawford has announced that work of alteration is going on which will make the piece practically new. In the face of such a statement one cannot predict what may be the fate of the play, but the present material is not sufficient for a four-act drama with a prologue. Mr. Crawford says that the piece depends more on dialogue than on action, but no play can live by dialogue alone, and the talk in *Dr. Claudius* has the very fault that Mrs. Burnett escapes in her *First Gentleman of Europe*. The dialogue in Mr. Crawford's play misses its mark continually. The audience chuckles over some of the serious speeches, and does not smile at the humor. This would be fatal even to a drama with a strong plot; yet this same dialogue in a novel would be perfectly acceptable. For example: If one reads on the printed page of the novel that the hero is "God's own gentleman," it is well; but when Miss Moretti in the play applies this complimentary description to Mr. Joseph Holland, it is sure to affect the risibles of some people. Of course they are the people of bad taste, but these are in the majority in an audience. It is not enough to be a literary artist in order to write a successful drama. One should know the humor of crowds, and be able to judge just how a line or an incident may impress them. It is necessary first of all to know what *not* to say and do. From what one has learned of Mr. Crawford's method of work, it is thought that he has a natural talent for construction, and his plots are dramatic enough. But since he will be a dramatist, let him throw over *Dr. Claudius*, and try something else from his fine supply of dramatic material. One cause of the failure of the play is the misfit of piece and company. Joseph Holland is the best light comedian in the country, and E. M. Holland is a capital character actor, but the former is miscast as the Doctor, and the latter's talents are thrown away on the colorless rôle of Barker.

It is impossible to witness a Shakespearian revival nowadays without realizing that the interpretation of the classic drama is a vanishing art. In spite of the myriad of schools of elocution flourishing under various names, elocution enters less than ever into the art of acting; and, though a nightly prayer goes up from suffering thousands, "Spare us from the elocutionist," yet the fact remains that for the rendition of Shakespeare, elocution is even more essential than costly costumes and elaborate scenery. The recent production of *Cymbeline* attested Miss Margaret Mather's liberality in money matters. The scenery was expensive, and the costumes effective, though heterogeneous. Indeed, the production suggested the good old hymn: every prospect pleased, and only man was vile. Not that the acting was all bad; indeed, some of it was quite satisfactory; but neither the acting nor the play seemed to be the thing. The production suggested a highly ornate ready-made suit of raiment on a tailor's dummy. One is loath to join the Nestors who refer to the palmy days when "there were actors, my boy"; yet, taking the broadest view of the matter, it would seem that persons attending a representation of a Shakespearian play would wish to hear the lines. To expect poetic interpretation would be too much, but one should at least understand what is said. In Miss Mather's production of *Cymbeline* incoherence was the chief fault of the actors, and Miss Mather herself was the principal offender in this respect. It was noteworthy that in most cases the actors who best read their lines were the veterans. Miss Mather is an industrious *Imogen*, but one cannot help regretting that the gods did not make her poetical; and while they were about it they might have given her some judgment in the matter of costume. A society woman in Britain in the first century may have disported in a Byzantine ball dress, but there is no record of it in Strutt or Racinet.

For the first time in many years, New York is to have a theatre directed by a woman. It is announced that Miss May Irwin is to try her luck as a manager, and will conduct the Standard Theatre next season. This playhouse will be devoted to the production of more or less musical farces, in which Miss Irwin will play parts written expressly for her. There can be no doubt that this clever comedienne has established herself as a New York favorite, and the policy outlined, the creation of a theatre to be identified with the production of farce, is one that commends itself. At present it cannot be said that any New York theatre has character or individuality. The success of Miss Irwin's venture depends almost entirely upon her luck in finding attractive plays. Good farces are particularly scarce, and a man who can write them has an easy and pleasant road to fortune. Since she came before the public as a star, Miss Irwin has been particularly fortunate in selecting her vehicles. *The Widow Jones* was a merry farrago of nonsense, and *Courted into Court*, by the same author, Mr. J. J. McNally, is equally enjoyable. Thespians are fond of disputing as to whether the public wants an actor's personality or his talent in characterization. Miss Irwin's success is another argument for those who maintain that the public prefers the actor to his art. Indeed, one cannot imagine Miss Irwin representing any one but herself. The public likes her heartiness and good-nature, her adroitness in the retort direct, the jovial abandon of her humor. Few women will allow themselves to be made ridiculous in public, and still fewer will cheerfully perform that task themselves. When Miss Irwin recites that pathetic poem, "My Old Gown," ending with the heart-breaking lines,

> "The hooks and eyes that once were friends,
> They never shall meet again,"

she is a heroine. She is actually confessing in public that she is stouter than she used to be, and not so young. As a combination of comedienne and Spartan matron, Miss Irwin is absolutely unique. HARRY B. SMITH.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, *January* 27, 1897.

WHILE this letter is crossing the Atlantic, Austria is celebrating the centennial of one of the most magnificent anthems ever composed. It was in 1797 that the Austrian government issued the decree that henceforth "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser!" (God save Franz the Emperor!) should be the people's national anthem. It became popular at once, not for the sake of Kaiser Franz, who was a poor stick of a Kaiser compared even with his contemporary crowned heads, but the music was by Haydn, and a favorite composition of that great man. We in America know the tune as a hymn named "Austria."

Have we a national anthem? If so, I doubt if one American in a hundred can sing it. On last Thanksgiving day a large gathering of the American colony in London were called upon by the chairman to sing our national anthem, and an effort was made to do justice to the "Star-spangled Banner." It was a lamentable failure. No one knew the words; and if they had, they could not have sung the music of that abominable composition. My idea of a national song is the one which is sung successfully by the largest number of the nation, and by that test we could easily select periodically, if necessary, a national song which would not make Americans ridiculous when they seek to vent their musical patriotism abroad. Why should we not sing "John Brown's Body," or "Marching through Georgia?" These two songs have inspired hundreds of thousands of weary boys in blue tramping in the cause of their country, and if such men don't know what a good song is, then nobody does.

In monarchical countries the national anthem is selected by the hereditary ruler, but with us the people should have a voice in the matter. In 1795 Frederick William II. of Prussia returned from a most ignominious campaign against the French Republic, and celebrated the event by consecrating to Victory the famous Brandenburg Gate of Berlin. On that occasion he officially made the tune of "God save the Queen!" a national anthem for Prussians, and it is to-day the imperial anthem for United Germany. But it is by no means the popular national song for all that. During the Franco-German war I had some opportunity of noting the relative popularity of national songs from watching the movements of great bodies of troops tramping to the French frontier and home again in the spring of 1871. The official anthem was certainly not the most popular one among the soldiers, who sang with far more gusto "The Watch on the Rhine," or even the "Kraewinkler Landsturm."

This air of "God save the Queen!" sometimes produces international embarrassment when crossing the Atlantic on a German ship, where the orchestra plays during dinner-time. The English passengers naturally rise to their feet, thinking it is for them; the Germans, on the other hand, accept it as theirs; and there is no reason why Americans should not be equally gratified at hearing "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

There is to-day such inexplicable hatred entertained by Germans for all English-speaking people that I wonder the father-land does not feel its honor attacked by our use of the same tune as that of their official song. Last night Mr. James Bryce, whose interest in German affairs is no less disinterested than his friendship for America, gave me a most painful illustration of what I have just said. He was so much surprised by the malevolent and insolent language used by German newspapers in criticising England and Englishmen that he wrote a letter on the subject to the organ of the Liberal party in Germany, *Die Nation*, which is edited by a member of the German Parliament, Dr. Barth, who has frequently visited both England and the United States, and who is a warm advocate of constitutional liberty. The letter of Mr. Bryce was written in the spirit of friendship, and was an appeal to Germans from a friend. He pointed out to them the large number of conspicuous Englishmen who had lived and studied in Germany, and who had written of that country in praise and friendly criticism. He did not deny that there might here and there be causes of friction, owing to trade competition or diplomatic intrigue, but he begged Germans to remember that they had many friends on this side of the Channel, and that they should not make it difficult for those friends to preserve intact the old good relations. It was, in fact, just such a letter as Mr. Bryce might have written to the *Evening Post* or the *North American Review* at a time when our press appeared to be unnecessarily violent in denouncing the alleged rapacity of England, and when our Jingoes seemed about to saddle us with war.

As I read Mr. Bryce's letter, some months ago, it seemed to me a most admirable production, that would call forth in Germany a sympathetic reply from at least a respectable minority of German papers; but last night Mr. Bryce told me, with some bitterness, that his letter was received with derisive irony, and was made the text for one more volley of journalistic abuse of England and Englishmen, not for specific acts, but out of a general malice that has been kept growing through the efforts of the official press.

An instance rather personal to myself occurs to me as illustrating the present hysterical condition of the German mind, suggestive of that which animated France twenty-five years ago. I had sent to the leading professor of modern history at the Berlin University a complimentary copy of my book called the *German Struggle for Liberty*, recently published. This professor I regarded as a personal friend, for I had frequently been his guest, and he mine; but to-day I seem to have disgraced myself completely in his eyes, because in the preface to my book I raised a question as to how far Bismarck was the author of United Germany. The letter in which my German friend acknowledges the book assures me frankly that I need expect no sale for this work amongst Germans because of these few remarks in the preface. To quote his words: "What you have done is just as though a German writing a history of the American Revolution should regard Washington as an ambitious dictator and Franklin as a hypocrite." When I mentioned this to Mr. Bryce, he said, laughingly, "I'm sure no American would find fault with a German for saying that, provided he proved what he said." And if HARPER'S WEEKLY falls into the hands of my many German critics, who now denounce me as a hater of the father-land, I beg they will ponder these characteristic words by the author of the *Holy Roman Empire* and the *American Commonwealth*. The closer we study Franklin and Washington, the more do we thank God for raising up in our midst men whose private lives so well repay close study and hostile criticism. Franklin and Washington died amidst the tears of hundreds who loved them as personal friends, and millions who loved them for their private and public virtues. To compare Bismarck with men of such generous proportions as Washington and Franklin is about as intelligent as to compare James II. with John Wesley, or to compare Sitting Bull with John Bright.

Sad news reaches me in a private letter from the Austrian Alps, whither the late King of Hanover took refuge when deposed and expelled from Germany by the victorious Prussians of 1866. The "Blind King" of Hanover was the name by which he was best known, and he was no more a sinner against Prussia than were Saxony and other states of Germany who sided with Austria in that war. But Bismarck desired Hanover more than he did Saxony; or rather he was not allowed to expel the Saxon King, as he was allowed to drive away the Hanoverian. Some day a romantic tale will be published of the brutal manner in which the Hanoverian royal family were treated during these days, not by a mob, but by their brother sovereign of Prussia. The old blind King is dead, but his widow, now eighty years of age, who is also nearly blind, lives in seclusion by the shores of the beautiful Traun Lake. Her son is now called Duke of Cumberland; he cannot make any terms for himself because of the oath given to his dead father, but he has a son for whom the German Emperor entertains friendly feelings, and would gladly reinstate in part of his grandfather's dominions. But this poor boy has been confined to his bed since April of last year, and there is little prospect of his ever leaving that bed, let alone mounting a throne. When I saw him last it was high in the mountains, on the chase after chamois, where he did his day's work as cheerily and bravely as any of his elders, though at the time he was but thirteen years old. Neither the Duke of Cumberland nor the old Queen of Hanover ever says a word about Bismarck. They know better. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE.

THE revolt of the Cretans against Turkish rule has assumed such serious proportions and excites such warm sympathy in Greece that it appears at this writing that unless the powers interfere war between Greece and Turkey must ensue. Crete, 160 miles long, and lying 150 miles southeast of Athens, and much nearer to the southern part of Greece, has about 300,000 inhabitants, three-fourths of whom are Christians, and the rest Mohammedans. The Cretans are of Grecian descent and affiliation, and the island geographically belongs to Greece. The Turks have held it since 1669. When Greece won independence in 1821 an insurrection in Crete followed, but was put down. The Cretans have ever since been uneasy, and prone to make trouble for the Turks whenever opportunity offered. The cause of the present revolt is practically the same as that of the rising last April, when the Christian governor was replaced by Turkhan Pasha, a Mussulman.

In July the Porte agreed to appoint a Christian governor, whom it has since nominated, but still delays to inaugurate. It delays also to put into effect reforms agreed upon twenty years ago The Cretan revolutionists demand that these reforms shall be at once enforced, and propose to secure their rights by force of arms if they cannot get them otherwise. They are the aggressors, and have had help from Greece, where there is an enthusiastic popular desire for the annexation of Crete. There are believed to be about twelve thousand Turkish troops in Crete, but their presence has not prevented extensive preparations for the present insurrection. The Porte is understood to have given assurances that no more Turkish troops would be sent to Crete, but no reliance is placed on the Porte's word, and it is understood that Greece has determined to prevent the landing of further Turkish forces on the island. The reported arrival of Prince George of Greece, on February 12, at Canea, the northwestern port of Crete, with a transport and four torpedo-boats, betokens active enforcement of this determination. At this writing it seems strongly probable that Greece and Turkey will fight if they are left alone, but that they will be left alone seems not nearly so likely. We shall probably hear that the powers have interfered in the interest of the peace of Europe, and perhaps arranged an occupation of Crete pending pacification to result from the institution of reform and the execution of Turkish agreements. If Greece and Turkey should be suffered to come to blows, Turkish troops, already being collected for the purpose, would sweep over the northern boundary of Greece into Thessaly, and war once started on European soil might lead no one knows where.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MEMBERS are desired for the Public Art League of the United States. The league exists for a single purpose. Its object is "to promote the passage of a law or laws by Congress requiring that before purchase or adoption by the government of any work of art (sculpture, painting, architecture, landscape design, coin, seal, medal, note, stamp, or bond) the design or model for the same shall be submitted to a commission of experts for an expression of opinion as to its artistic merit, and that the approval of such committee shall be a prerequisite to its adoption." The means by which it proposes to accomplish this object are persistent agitation of the subject before Congress and the promotion of agencies for the education of the masses of the people. The constitution of the league is short, consisting of eight articles, the first two of which contain the information just given. The others provide for officers, management, membership dues of one dollar a year, changes in the constitution by a two-thirds vote of the managers, and a letter-ballot showing the concurrence of a majority of the members. Article IV. provides that persons interested may become members by authorizing the secretary to sign their names to the constitution. Richard Watson Gilder, of the *Century*, is president of the league, the vice-presidents are C. F. McKim, Augustus St. Gaudens, and John La Farge, and the corresponding secretary, to whom names may be sent, is Glenn Brown, 918 F Street, Washington, D. C. If the league can accomplish its purpose, such scandals as the recent one of the Sherman statue will be impossible. In that case, as will be remembered, an appropriation of $80,000 was made by Congress for a statue of General Sherman, the design to be chosen by a committee consisting largely of members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. The committee instituted a competition, in which the judges were distinguished members of the National Sculpture Society. First-rate sculptors competed at great cost of time and labor. The work of several of the competitors was favorably regarded by the judges, who proposed that one of them should receive the award. All were rejected by a majority of the committee, and the award was given to C. Rohl-Smith, whose model had not impressed the expert judges as being especially meritorious. Naturally the artists who went into the competition under the supposition that the expert judges would decide felt that they had been buncoed. It was expected that a public exhibition of all the competing designs would be held by the Sculpture Society; but Mr. Rohl-Smith, after consenting to exhibit his sketch model, presently changed his mind and refused, on the ground that the Sculpture Society's behavior had made it impossible for him to take part in the exhibition. The Sculpture Society then, with deep regret, abandoned the exhibition, averring that it had made no complaints of Mr. Rohl-Smith, and had only objected to the manner in which the competition for the statue was closed and the award made. It is for the avoidance of incidents like this that the Public Art League exists, and asks for support in the accomplishment of its object.

The report printed in the *Sun* of January 31, of Mr. Charles A. Dana's recent discourse on Socialism to the students of the University of Michigan and the citizens of Ann Arbor, made four or five columns of reading so easy, so interesting, and so informing that it could not have failed to make many readers wish that Mr. Dana would take the trouble and the time—not to tell everything he knows, for that would make too big and altogether too exciting a book, but to write down a great deal that scarcely any one else remembers, and which no one else could write or tell about as he could. Mr. Dana has often talked about Brook Farm, but it is not recalled that he ever before put together so clear and comprehensive an account, as in this recent address, of the intellectual and social aspirations that led to the beginning of that famous enterprise, of what it accomplished, and why it stopped. He tells, among other things, how he came to join it himself, because he had used up his eyes at Harvard College (not in study, but in reading *Oliver Twist* by candle-light), and had to take to manual labor and an open-air life to restore them. The times when Mr. Dana lived in New England were great times, and he lived in the very thick of the movements that made them lively; the times when he helped Horace Greeley edit the *Tribune* were also great times, and the *Tribune* office was about as near their crater as a man could get; the war-times were pretty lively too, and the Assistant Secretary of War had admirable opportunities for taking notice of them. Such a history of his own times as Mr. Dana could write would make one of the most readable books imaginable. There is an interesting rumor about that he is, if not actually writing such a book, at least devoting some attention to a series of papers in which some of his recollections shall be preserved.

The propensity of the contemporary American to "move on" is illustrated in the biographies of the gentlemen who are believed by some prophets to have been chosen by Mr. McKinley to be his chief advisers. Senator Sherman was born in Ohio, and has always hailed from that State; Mr. Gage was born in Madison County, New York, and comes to Washington from Chicago; General Alger was born in Ohio, and comes from Michigan; Governor Long was born in Maine, and hails from Massachusetts; Judge McKenna was born in Philadelphia, and has been a Californian since 1855; and Mr. Wilson of Iowa (Secretary of Agriculture) was born in Ayrshire, Scotland. The average age of these gentlemen is sixty-two. Senator Sherman is seventy-four; Judge McKenna, fifty-four. General Alger is sixty-two, and if he were in the army would be nearly ripe for compulsory retirement.

The rumor of a purpose on the part of the owners of the Grand Central Railroad Station in New York to spend $500,000 in altering and improving that receptacle will be received with flutterings of interest by many citizens who live in New York and many thousands of others who come there. The alterations proposed are largely for the provision of additional office-room by adding two stories to a portion of the present building, but it is said that there is also under consideration a plan to remodel the waiting-rooms, and consolidate them all into one great reception-room, having a general ticket-office, and communicating with all trains. Boston and Bombay and other towns of much less importance than New York manage to have much more notable railroad stations than any that New-Yorkers find at home. Boston has another institution connected with travel which is exemplary. The parcel-rooms in her stations take care of parcels for five cents. In New York one pays ten cents, which seems extortionate and is vexatious, but it appears to be the rule in all the Central Hudson stations. More parcels at a less rate might pay better.

Dr. Jókai, the author of *Black Diamonds* (Harpers), and of *The Green Book, or Freedom under the Snow*, about to be issued by the Harpers, as translated by Mrs. Waugh, has lately been honored by the Emperor Francis Joseph, who has made him a life member of the Hungarian House of Magnates.

It seems that the natural and honorable propensity of veterans to show how fields were won may not be safely indulged when two or more veterans are present who have conflicting views about the winning of a particular field. This was clearly demonstrated the other night at Delmonico's, at the banquet of the Loyal Legion, when General Ames undertook to demonstrate, in the presence of General Curtis, that there was a defect in General Curtis's title to be called "the hero of Fort Fisher." General Horace Porter was in command during the engagement that ensued, and deserves to be congratulated on his intrepid conduct, and the timely intervention by which disastrous results were averted. We have no living veteran who can command a dinner table more ably than General Porter.

It is pleasant to record that Miss Maynard Butler, the correspondent who sent the WEEKLY its illustrated description of the coronation of the Czar, has received from the ministry of the Russian court a blue and gold medal, given by the Emperor and Empress in token of the reception of the WEEKLY containing Miss Butler's interesting narrative, and of its being placed in the collection commemorative of the interest of other lands in the coronation. The medals of this class, which were given to a number of correspondents and representatives at Moscow of newspapers and periodicals, are very beautiful, and naturally are highly valued. They are all the more prized as souvenirs from being accompanied by letters patent conferring the right to wear them.

Dr. Lyman Abbott's recent expression of his views about the Bible incites the observant *Sun* to the deduction of divers inferences as to his personal standing as a professor of religion. The *Sun* has been well instructed in theology, and always deals intelligently with religious topics, but it would be interesting to know just how much injustice is done to the piety of its adroit and ingenious religious editor by the very widespread impression that he has few equals and scarcely any superior in the intellectual exercise which the French describe as *le discours par le chapeau*.

The National Academy of Design, which about two years ago sold its present building on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, has, after prolonged discussion and the conflict of several preferences, bought a lot having a frontage of 171 feet on Amsterdam Avenue and a depth of 200 feet (the whole upper side of the block) on 110th Street. The opinions of the members of the Academy as to the best site for their new building have been much at variance. Some have wished to locate it on Fifty-seventh Street, near the building of the Fine Arts Society; others on Forty-third Street, near Sixth Avenue; others on 116th Street, near Columbia College; while others have preferred the site which has been bought. The considerations which have influenced the society to go so far up town seem chiefly to have concerned the welfare and development of the Academy's art schools. The price paid for the new site was $245,000, which is much less than an adequate downtown site would have cost, and leaves the society with funds to put up its building and with a considerable fund for endowment. The Academy exhibitions will continue, for some years to come, to be held in the Twenty-third Street building.

It is rumored that King Oscar of Sweden is affronted at the candor with which his qualifications as an arbitrator have been discussed in the United States Senate, and is strongly disposed to urge the selection of some more acceptable person, both as a possible arbiter of disputes between the United States and Great Britain and as arbitrator in the Venezuela matter. If it is true that this obliging monarch is displeased, it is a great pity. If he had the advantage of that intimate acquaintance with the Senate which the citizens of this country enjoy, and understood how liable certain emotional Senators are to say almost anything about almost anybody in the ardor of debate, it is probable that he would endure with more philosophy the disparagement which is said to have nettled him. What is known as the courtesy of the Senate is not now, and probably never has been, evenly distributed over that body. It is fairly thick in spots and very thin in other spots, and from the spots where it is thinnest very untimely sentiments may emanate at any moment. Any conclusion that the Senate may finally come to about King Oscar would be important, but meanwhile it is a pity that pains should be taken to inform him of what happens to be said about him in debate.

Mr. Ballard Smith, the London correspondent of the *World*, who lately saw Prince Bismarck, and learned his views as to the expediency of arbitration treaties, reports in his cable to the *World* that the Prince inquired if he knew personally the Harpers of New York, and said that he saw their magazine and liked it. Recent reports represent that the Prince feels at eighty-two the weight of his years, suffers from loneliness since the death of his wife, is unable to busy himself as formerly in active out-of-door employments, and is hard put to it to find life worth living. If anything can stir his interest it would seem that it might be the coming four days' celebration at Berlin of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the first Emperor William (born March 22, 1797). The most interesting conceivable feature of that show would be the appearance in public of Prince Bismarck.

The costume ball given on the night of February 10 at the Waldorf Hotel by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, with the assistance of the newspapers of New York, and, indeed, of the press generally, both domestic and foreign, was by far the most notable social event of the winter in America.

The invitations, of which between one and two thousand were issued, admonished the guests to present themselves in court costumes of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. As fine people of both sexes in those centuries were addicted to exceedingly profuse and gorgeous personal adornment, this provision practically meant that the guests at this party were to wear the finest clothes they could get, and that men as well as women were to ruffle it in fabrics of great price and beauty, and in all the jewels that they could conveniently hang about their persons. This meant a great deal of trouble, and of expense too, to a great many people, but it was the device of hosts who were well known to be both willing and competent to take trouble enough and to incur whatever expenditure was necessary to provide a fit setting for a splendid scene, and to make a ball at which it was worth while taking pains to appear.

Such a ball was undoubtedly given. A place proper for the main features of it offered in the big ballroom of the Waldorf Hotel. The resources of that remarkable edifice are very great, and they were employed for this ball as there has not been occasion to employ them before. The half of the hotel which was devoted to the festivity was cleaned, polished, and adorned for the occasion. There were dressing-rooms, withdrawing-rooms, antechambers, reception-rooms, ballrooms, supper-rooms, and miscellaneous lairs enough to give ease, security, and elbow-room to a thousand people, dressed in clothes that needed space, and to enable them to see one another to advantage, to dance, to gossip, and to do whatever energetic people find to do at balls. The decoration of the chief apartments used in this signally egregious entertainment is described as marvellous. The use of flowers, for the lavish employment of which New York is famous, seems to have been carried beyond all previous limits, with results so charming that it seems matter for regret that the memory of them should figure as an asset in the recollection of comparatively few people.

Somewhat less than a thousand people actually went to this ball, saw its sights, its decorations, its dames in brocades and powdered hair, its cavaliers tripping over unaccustomed swords, the stately quadrilles with which it opened, its brilliancy, its gayeties, its progress, and its wane.

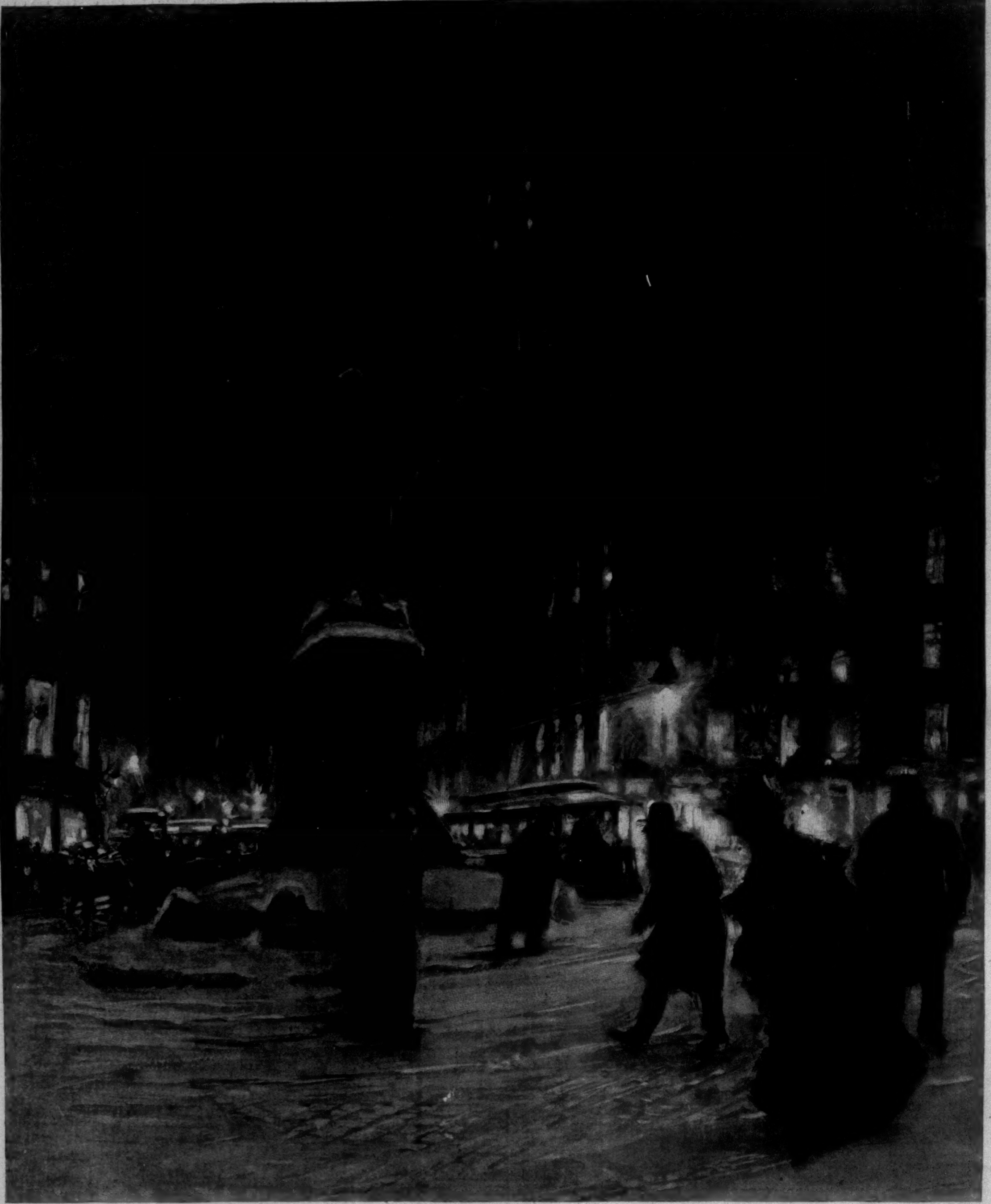
But thanks to a vigilant and enterprising press, and to some unexpected occurrences which stimulated public interest in it, some millions of us have been enabled to follow its preparations, to read and to re-read the list of guests, to apprise ourselves of the details of a good many costumes, and to acquaint ourselves with the main facts and with a large number of interesting fictions about the entertainment. The extent of apparent public interest in it was its most remarkable feature. It does not appear that Mr. and Mrs. Martin took any pains whatever to spread their intentions abroad. The bill-boards said nothing about the ball; no sandwich-men appeared on the streets with placards proclaiming it; there is no reason to believe that a single line of paid advertising announced it in any newspaper. It was a private party. The incidents of it possessed a certain public interest as a measure of the capacity of New York to provide an entertainment of an exceptional degree of splendor, and also as an indication of the tastes of our time in social matters.

The ball deserved notice, for of course such enterprises are not carried out in a corner, and their projectors do well to put up philosophically with a certain amount of incidental publicity. But "notice" is not the word for the attention this ball received. For weeks beforehand almost every paper in New York devoted from a column to a page to it, telling all it could learn about it, and in most cases much that it had not learned. The papers of other cities and the country press discoursed with proportionate freedom. When it was announced that Mr. Elisha Dyer had broken a resolution to go early to bed, and had acquiesced in Mrs. Martin's desire that he should lead the cotillon, the news seemed to spread wider and further than the report, a few days earlier, that Mr. Gage had agreed to Mr. McKinley's wish that he should be Secretary of the Treasury. The ball was a great ball, an astonishing ball, but it was not really a great event. The money spent on it was much less than what is lost daily, without particular attention, by a big fire. The people who went to it are handsome, lively people, but not, as a rule, people of exceptional distinction or importance.

Even the discussion that followed a remark of Parson Rainsford about the economics of expensive entertainments does not warrant the prodigious stir that this ball made. Undoubtedly the interest of some poor people in some rich people, and of some quiet people in some people of fashion, is very great; and undoubtedly very many of us like to gossip about the doings of our fellows, to the exclusion of more important things; but it seems reasonable matter for speculation whether our newspapers do not credit us with a more intense interest in the social activities of fashionable New York than we really feel, and provide us with social information far beyond the requirements of any demand of which we are conscious.

If they are right in their estimate of the popular taste, and only supply a demand that exists, then we must conclude not that we are greater geese than human beings commonly are, but that as we like to have our imaginations stirred by stories of pirates and buried treasure and love-at-first-sight-constant-to-the-end, and other such things foreign to our experience, so we like to read of the doings of people whose manner of life is in strong contrast to our own, and are entertained, idly perhaps, but with neither envy nor cavillings, by the working of the elaborate and artificial apparatuses by means of which they carry on the highly interesting and important business of having fun.

E. S. MARTIN.



ADAMS SQUARE, BOSTON, LOOKING UP WASHINGTON STREET ON A STORMY NIGHT—AMES BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND.

DRAWN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT.

BOSTON IN WINTER.

TRAVELLERS in America who have penetrated in the winter as far to the north and east as Boston report the climate of that historic city as being decidedly different from that of New York.

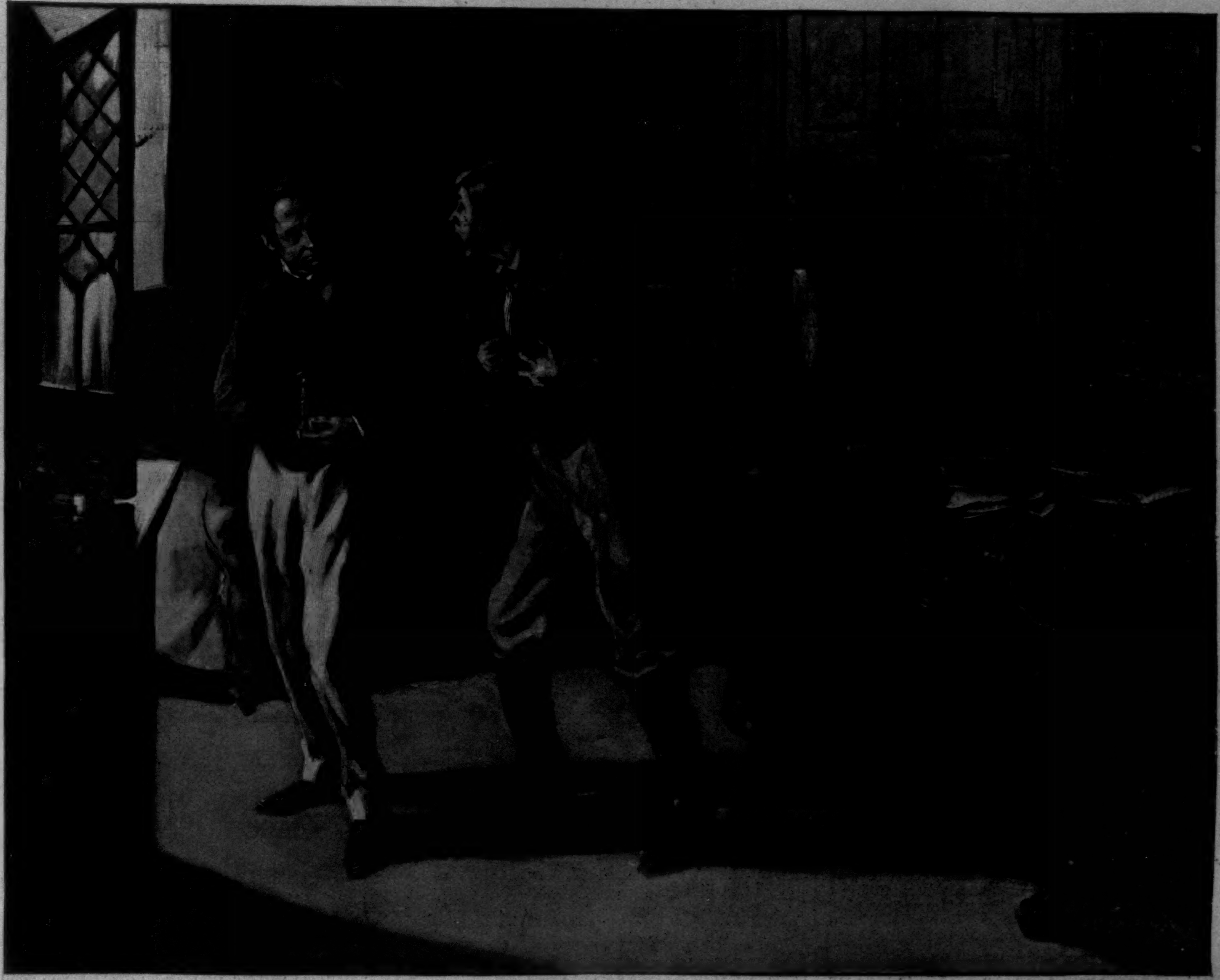
More snow falls there than in New York, and if left alone it stays longer; the east winds bite worse, and produce grimmer feelings; there is a difference in average temperature, which makes winter and its incidents more of a fixture than in New York, and the way the city lies tends to make all wintry manifestations much more conspicuous than here. The Common, in the heart of the town and under everybody's eye, is extensively used for cold storage. Snow accumulates there, both in course of nature from snowfalls and because it is gathered out of the streets and dumped there. Coasting is a much more conspicuous institution in Boston than in New York. The hills on the Common have been used for generations by Boston boys for this winter sport, and though just now the building of the subway doubtless interferes with the use of the double runner, provision is ordinarily made for the passage of that terrific vehicle by making bridges over the courses which are devoted to it by which passers-by can cross without danger.

Familiar and notable too on the Common are the snowball wars of the Boston boys, which have flourished from pre-Revolutionary times.

When there is sleighing in New York, one sees sleighs in the Park and on the avenues and drives at the upper end of the island, but sleighing in Boston reaches up Beacon Street to the very heart of the town, and obtains very generally in the Back Bay district. From there it stretches out Commonwealth Avenue and the neighboring streets over the Mill-dam Road and out among all the parks and over all the admirable drives of that matchless suburban district which makes Boston the envied of all American towns. In Boston in winter there is real use for sleighs both for pleasure-driving and for ordinary transportation.

In New York, however, cabs or coaches stick to their wheels however deep the snow, and make the best of hard-going until Colonel Waring has cleaned the streets, but in Boston the "bobby," or closed carriage on runners, is in common use between thaws all winter long.

Of course on the streets where the trolley cars run the snow is a nuisance, and is quickly cleared away. Such a district is that about Adams Square, shown in Mr. Garrett's picture. The statue in the foreground of the picture is that of Samuel Adams, portrayed by Miss Anne Whitney, as he is supposed to have looked after serving notice on General Gage to take his troops out of Boston. The stormy surroundings suit the patriot's demeanor. The man in the ulster is very properly introduced, for he is a feature of the Boston winter. The ulster is known and appreciated in New York, but here it is an emergency garment which a thrifty person can do without. There it is of course not indispensable, but so nearly so that the thrifty Bostonian prefers to dispense with something less necessary to his comfort.



JEROME—A POOR MAN.[*]

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT day had been one of those surprises of life which ever dwell with one. Jerome in it had discovered not only a new self, but new ways. He had struck paths at right angles to all he had followed before. They might finally verge into the old again, but for that day he saw strange prospects. Not the least strange of them was this tea-drinking with the Squire and the Squire's sister and the Squire's daughter in the arbor. He found it harder to reconcile that with his past and himself than anything else. So bewildered was he, drinking tea and eating cake, with the spread of Miss Camilla's lilac flounces brushing his knee, and her soft voice now and then in his ear, that he strove to remember how he happened to be there at all, and that shock of strangeness which obliterates the past wellnigh paralyzed his memory.

Yet it had been simple enough, as paths to strange conclusions always are. He had returned home from Squire Eben's that morning, changed his clothes, and resumed his work in the garden.

Elmira had questioned him, but he gave her no information. He had an instinct, which had been born in him, of secrecy toward womankind. Nobody had ever told him that women were not trustworthy with respect to confidences; he had never found it so from observation; he simply agreed within himself that he had better not confide any but fully matured plans, and no plans which should be kept secret, to a woman. He had, however, beside this caution, a generous resolution not to worry Elmira or his mother about it until he knew. "Wait till I find out; I don't know myself," he told Elmira.

"Don't you know where you've been? You can tell us that," she persisted, in her sweet, querulous treble. She pulled at his jacket sleeve with her little, thin, coaxing hand, but Jerome was obdurate. He twitched his jacket sleeve away.

"I sha'n't tell you one thing, and there is no use in your teasin'," he said, peremptorily, and she yielded.

Elmira reported that their mother was sitting still in her rocking-chair, with her head leaning back and her eyes shut. "She seems all beat out," she said, pitifully; "she don't tell me to do a thing."

The two tiptoed across the entry and stood in the kitchen door, looking at poor Ann. She sat quite still, as Elmira had said, her head tipped back, her eyes closed, and her mouth slightly parted. Her little bony hands lay in her lap, with the fingers limp in utter nerveless relaxation, but she was not asleep. She opened her eyes when her children came to the door, but she did not speak nor turn her head. Presently her eyes closed again.

Jerome pulled Elmira back into the parlor. "You must go ahead and get the dinner, and make her some gruel, and not ask her a question, and not bother her about anything," he whispered, sternly. "She's resting; she'll die if she don't. It's awful for her. It's bad 'nough for us, but we don't know what 'tis for her."

Elmira assented, with wide, scared, piteous eyes on her brother.

"Go now and get the dinner," said Jerome.

"There's lots left over from yesterday," said Elmira, forlornly. "Shall we have anything after that's gone?"

"Have enough while I've got two hands," returned Jerome, gruffly. "Get some potatoes and boil 'em, and have some of that cold meat, and make mother the gruel."

Elmira obeyed, finding a certain comfort in that. Indeed, she belonged assuredly to that purely feminine order of things which gains perhaps its best strength through obedience. Give Elmira a power over her, and she would never quite fall.

Elmira went about getting dinner, tiptoeing around her mother, who still sat sunken in her strange apathy of melancholy or exhaustion, it was difficult to tell which, while Jerome spaded and dug in the garden, in the fury of zeal which he had inherited from her.

Elmira had dinner ready early, and called Jerome. When he went in he found her trying to induce her mother to swallow a bowl of gruel. "Won't you take it, mother?" she was pleading, with tears in her eyes; but her mother only lifted one hand feebly and motioned it away; she would not raise her head or open her eyes.

"Give me that bowl," said Jerome. He held it before his mother, and slipped one hand behind her neck, constraining her gently to raise her head. "Here, mother," said he, "here's your gruel."

She resisted faintly, and shook her weak repelling hand again. "Sit up, mother, and drink your gruel," said Jerome, and his mother's eyes flew wide open at that, and stared up in his face with eager inquiry; for again she had that wild surmise that her lost husband spoke to her.

"Drink it, mother," said Jerome, again meeting her half-delirious gaze fully; and Ann seemed to see his father looking at her from his son's eyes, through his immortality after the flesh. She raised herself at once, held out her trembling hands for the bowl, and drank the gruel to the last drop. Then she gave the empty bowl to Jerome, leaned her head back, and closed her eyes again.

After dinner Jerome changed his clothes for his poor best for the second time, and set forth to Doctor Prescott's. Elmira's wistful eyes followed him as he went out, but he said not a word. He threw back his shoulders and stepped out with as much boldness of carriage as ever.

"How smart he is!" Elmira thought, watching him from the window.

However, it was true that his heart quaked within him, supported as he was by the advice and encouragement of Squire Merritt. Doctor Prescott had been the awe and the terror of all his childhood. Nobody knew how in his childish illnesses—luckily not many—he had dreaded and resented the advent of this great man, who represented to him absolute monarchy, if not despotism. He never demurred at his noxious doses, but swallowed them at a gulp, with no sweet after-morsel as an inducement, yet, strangely enough, never from actual submissiveness, but rather from that fierce scorn and pride of utter helplessness which can maintain a certain defiance to authority by depriving it of that victory which comes only from opposition.

Jerome swallowed castor-oil, rhubarb, and the rest with a glare of fierce eyes over spoon and a triumphant understanding with himself that he took it because he chose, and not because the doctor made him. It was odd, but Doctor Prescott seemed to have some intuition of the boy's mental attitude, for, in spite of his ready obedience, he had always a singular aversion to him. He was much more amenable to pretty little Elmira, who cried pitifully whenever he entered the house, and had always to be coaxed and threatened to make her take medicine at all. No one would have said, and Doctor Prescott himself would not have believed, that he, in his superior estate of age and life, would have stooped to dislike a child like that, thus putting him upon a certain equality of antagonism; but in truth he did. Doctor Prescott scarcely ever knew one boy from another when he met him upon the street, but Jerome Edwards he never mistook, though he never stirred his stately head in response to the boy's humble bob of courtesy. Once, after so meeting and passing the boy, he heard an audacious note of defiance at his back, with a preliminary sniff of scorn: "Hm! wonder if he thinks he was born grown up, with money in his pockets; wonder if he thinks he owns this whole town?" The doctor never turned to resent this sarcastic soliloquy whereby the boy's suppressed democracy asserted itself, but the next time he saw Jerome's father he told him he had better look to his son's manners, and Jerome had been called to account.

However, when he had repeated his speech which had given offence, he had only been charged to keep his thoughts to himself in future. "*I'll* think 'em, anyhow," said Jerome, with unabated defiance.

"You'll pay proper respect to your elders," said his father.

"You'll think what we tell you to," said his mother, but the eyes of the two met. Doctor Prescott might hold the mortgage and exact his pound of flesh, these poor backs might bend to the yoke, but there was no cringing in the hearts of Abel Edwards and his wife. It was easy to see where Jerome got his spirit.

---

[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

However, spirit needs long experience and great strength to assert itself fully at all times before long-recognized power. Jerome, going up the road to Doctor Prescott's, felt rather a fierce submission and obligatory humility than defiance. He felt as if this great man held not only himself, but his mother and sister, their lives and fortunes, at his disposal. Awe of the reigning sovereign was upon him, but it was the surly awe of the peasant whose mouth is stopped by force from questions.

It was not long before Jerome, going along the country road, came to the beginning of Doctor Prescott's estate. He owned long stretches of fields along the main street of the village, comprising many fine house-lots, which, however, people were too poor to buy. Doctor Prescott fixed such high prices to his house-lots that no one could pay them. However, people thought he did not care to sell. He liked being a large land-owner, like an English lord, and feeling that he owned half the village, they said.

Moreover, his acres brought him a fair income. They were sowed to clover, and timothy, and barley, and corn, and gave such hay and such crops as no others in town.

As Jerome passed these fair fields, either golden green with the young grass, or ploughed in even ridges for the new seeds, set with dandelions like stars, or pierced as to the brown mould with emerald spears of grain, he scowled at them, and his mouth puckered grimly and piteously. He thought of all this land which Doctor Prescott owned; he thought of the one poor little bit of soil which he was going to offer him, to keep a roof over his head. Why should this man have all this, and he and his so little? Was it because he was better? Jerome shook his head vehemently. Was it because the Lord loved him better? Jerome looked up in the blue spring sky. The problem of the rights of the soil of the old earth was upon the boy, but he could not solve it, only scowl and grieve over it.

Past the length of the shining fields, standing well back from the road, with a fine curve of avenue between lofty pine-trees leading up to it, stood Doctor Prescott's house. It was much the finest one in the village, massively built of gray stone in great irregular blocks, veined at the junctions with white stucco; a great white pillared piazza stretched across the front, and three flights of stone steps led over smooth terraces to it; for it was raised on an artificial elevation above the road-level. Jerome, having passed the last field, reached the avenue leading to the doctor's house, and stopped a moment. His hands and feet were cold; there was a nervous trembling all over his little body. He remembered how once, when he was much younger, his mother had sent him to the doctor's to have a tooth pulled, how he stood there trembling and hesitating as now, and how he finally took matters into his own hands. A thrill of triumph shot over him even then, as he recalled that mad race of his away up the road, on and on until he came to the woods, and the tying of the offending tooth to an oak-tree by a stout cord, and the agonized but undaunted pulling thereat until his object was gained.

"I'd 'nough sight rather go to an oak-tree to have my tooth out than to Doctor Prescott," he had said stoutly, being questioned on his return; and his father and mother, being rather taken at a loss by such defiance and disobedience, scarcely knew whether to praise or blame.

But there was no oak-tree for this strait. Jerome, after a minute of that blind groping and feeling, as of the whole body and soul, with which one strives to find some other way to an end than a hard and repugnant one, gave it up. He went up the avenue, holding his head up, digging his toes into the pine needles, with an air of stubborn boyish bravado, yet all the time the nervous trembling never ceased. However, half-way up the avenue he came into one of those warmer currents which sometimes linger so mysteriously among trees, seeming like a pool of air submerging one as visibly as water. This warm-air bath was, moreover, sweetened with the utmost breath of the pine woods. Jerome, plunging into it, felt all at once a certain sense of courage and relief, as if he had a bidding and a welcome from old friends.

There are times when a quick conviction, from something like a special favor or caress, comes over one, of the great motherhood of nature, which makes us all as child to child. "His pine-trees ain't any different from other folks' pine-trees," flashed through Jerome's mind.

CHAPTER IX.

HE went on straight round the house to the south-side door, whither everybody went to consult the doctor. He knocked, and in a moment the door opened, and a young girl with weak blue eyes, with a helpless droop of the chin, and mouth half opened in a silly smile, looked out at him. She was a girl whom Doctor Prescott had taken from the almshouse to assist in the lighter household duties. She was considered rather weak in her intellect, though she did her work well enough when she had once learned how.

Jerome bent his head with a sudden stiff duck to this girl. "Is Doctor Prescott at home?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, with the same respectful courtesy and ceremony with which she might have greeted the Squire or any town magnate, instead of this poor little boy. Her mind was utterly incapable of the faculties of selection and discrimination. She applied one formula, unmodified, to all mankind.

"Can I see him a minute?" asked Jerome, gruffly.

"Yes, sir. Will you walk in?"

The girl, moving with a weak shuffling toddle, like a child, led Jerome through the length of the entry, to a great room on the north side of the house, which was the doctor's study and office. Two great cupboards, whose doors were set with glass in diamond panes in the upper panels, held his drugs and nostrums. Books, mostly ponderous volumes in rusty leather, lined the rest of the wall space. When Jerome entered the room the combined odor of those leathern-bound folios and the doctor's drugs smote his nostrils, as from a curious brewing of theoretical and applied wisdom in one pot.

"Take a seat," said the girl, "and I will speak to the doctor." Then she went out, with the vain, pleased simper of a child who has said her lesson well.

Jerome sat down and looked about him. He had been in the room several times before, but his awe of it preserved its first strangeness for him. He eyed the books on the walls, then the great bottles visible through the glass doors on the cupboard shelves. Those bottles were mostly of a cloudy green or brown, but one among them caught the light and shone as if filled with liquid rubies. That was valerian, but Jerome did not know it; he only thought it must be a very strong medicine to have such a bright color. He also thought that the doctor must have mixed all those medicines from rules in those great books, and a sudden feverish desire to look into them seized him. However, neither his pride nor his timidity would have allowed him to touch one of those books, even if he had not expected the doctor to enter every moment.

He waited quite a little time, however. He could hear the far-off tinkle of silver and click of china, and knew the family were at dinner. "Won't leave his dinner for me," thought Jerome, with an unrighteous bitterness of humility, recognizing the fact that he could not expect him to. "Might have planted an hour longer."

Then came a clang of the knocker, and this time the girl ushered into the study a clamping red-faced man in a frock. Jerome recognized him as a young farmer who lived three miles or so out of the village. He blushed and stumbled, with a kind of grim awkwardness, even before the simple girl delivering herself of her formula of welcome. He would not sit down; he stood by the corner of a medicine-cupboard, settling heavily into his boots, waiting.

When the girl had gone he looked at Jerome, and gave a vague and furtive "Hullo!" as simple recognition of his presence, as it were. He did not know who the boy was, never being easily certain as to identities of any but old acquaintances—not from high indifference and dislike, like the doctor, but from dulness of observation.

Jerome nodded in response to the man's salutation. "I can't ask the doctor before him," he thought, anxiously.

The man rested heavily, first on one leg, then on the other. "Been waitin' long?" he grunted, finally.

"Quite a while."

"Hope my horse 'll stan'," said the man; "headed toward home, an' load off."

"The doctor can tend to you first," Jerome said eagerly.

The man gave a nod of assent. Thanks as elegancies of social intercourse were alarming, and savored of affectation, to him. He had thanked the Lord, from his heart, for all his known and unknown gifts, but his gratitude toward his fellow-men had never overcome his bashful self-consciousness and found voice.

Often in prayer-meeting Jerome had heard this man's fervent outpouring of the religious faith which seemed the only intelligence of his soul, and, like all single and concentrated powers, had a certain force of persuasion. Jerome eyed him now with a kind of pious admiration and respect, and yet with recollections.

"If I were a man, I'd stop colorin' up and actin' scared," thought the boy; and then they both heard a door open and shut, and knew the doctor was coming.

Jerome's heart beat hard, yet he looked quite boldly at the door. Somehow the young farmer's clumsy embarrassment had roused his own pride and courage. When the doctor entered, he stood up with alacrity and made his manners, and the young farmer settled to another foot, with a hoarse note of greeting.

The doctor said good-day, with formal courtesy, with his fine keen face turned seemingly upon both of them impartially; then he addressed the young man.

"How is your wife to-day?" he inquired.

The young man turned purple, where he had been red, at this direct address. "She's pretty—comfortable," he stammered.

"Is she out of medicine?"

"Yes, sir. That's what I come for." With that the young man pulled, with distressed fumblings and jerks, a bottle from his pocket, which he handed to the doctor, who had in the mean time opened the door of one of the cupboards.

The doctor took a large bottle from the cupboard, and filled from that the one which the young man had brought. Jerome stood trembling, watching the careful gurgling of a speckled green liquid from one bottle to another. A strange new odor filled the room, overpowering all the others

When the doctor gave the bottle to the young man, he shoved it carefully away in his pocket again, and then stood coloring more deeply and hesitating.

"Can ye take your pay in wood for this and the last two lots?" he murmured at length, so low that Jerome scarcely heard him.

But the doctor never lowered nor raised his incisive high-bred voice for any man. His reply left no doubt of the question. "No, Mr. Upham," said Doctor Prescott. "You must pay me in money for medicine. I have enough wood of my own."

"I know ye have—consider'ble," responded the young man, in an agony, "but—"

"I would like the money as soon as convenient," said the doctor.

"I'm—havin'—dreadful—hard work to get—any money myself—lately," persisted the young man. "Folks—they promise, but—they don't pay, an'—"

"Never give or take promises long enough to calculate interest," interposed Doctor Prescott, with stern pleasantry; "that's my rule, young man, and it's the one I expect others to follow in their business dealings with me. Don't give and don't take; then you'll make your way in life."

Ozias Lamb had said once, in Jerome's hearing, that all the medicine that Doctor Prescott ever gave to folks for nothing was good advice, and he didn't know but then he sent the bill in to the Almighty. Jerome, who had taken this in, with a sharp wink of appreciation, in spite of his mother's promptly sending him out of the room, thinking that such talk savored of irreverence, and was not fit for youthful ears, remembered it now, as he heard Doctor Prescott admonishing poor John Upham.

"Know ye've got consider'ble," mumbled John Upham, who had rough lands enough for a village, but scarce two shillings in pocket, and a delicate young wife and three babies; "but—thought ye hadn't—no old apple-tree wood—old apple-tree wood—well seasoned—jest the thing for the parlor hearth—didn't know but—"

"I should like the money next week," said the doctor, as if he had not heard a word of poor John's entreaty.

The young man shook his head miserably. "Dun'no' as I can—nohow."

"Well," said the doctor, looking at him calmly, "I'm willing to take a little land for the medicine and that last winter's bill, when Johnny had the measles."

Then this poor John Upham, uncouth, and scarcely quicker witted than one of his own oxen, but as faithful, and living up wholly to his humble lights, turned pale through his blushes, and stared at the doctor as if he could not have heard aright. "Take—my land?" he faltered.

Doctor Prescott never smiled with his eyes, but only with a symmetrical curving and lengthening of his finely cut thin lips. He smiled so then. "Yes, I am willing to take some land for the debt, since you have not the money," said he.

"But—that was—father's land."

"Yes, and your father was a good, thrifty man. He did not waste his substance."

"It was grandfather's, too."

"Yes, it was, I believe."

"It has always been in our—family. It's the Upham—land. I can't part with it nohow."

"I will take the money, then," said Doctor Prescott.

"I'll raise it just as soon as I can, doctor," cried John Upham, eagerly. "I've got a man's note for twenty dollars, comin' due in three months; he's sure to pay. An'—there's some cedar ordered, an'—"

"I must have it next week," said the doctor, "or—" he paused. "I shall dislike to proceed to extreme measures," he added.

Then John Upham, aroused to boldness by desperation, as the very oxen will sometimes run in madness if the goad be sharp enough, told Doctor Prescott to his face, with scarce a stumble in his speech, that he owned half the town now, that his land was much more valuable than his, which was mostly swampy woodland and pasture-lands, bringing in scarcely enough income to feed and clothe his family.

"Sha'n't have 'nough to live on if I let any on't go," said John Upham, "an' you've got more land as 'tis than any other man in town."

Doctor Prescott did not raise or quicken his clear voice; his eyes did not flash, but they gave out a hard light. John Upham was like a giant before this little, neat, wiry figure, which had such a majesty of port that it seemed to throw its own shadow over him.

"We are not discussing the extent of my possessions," said Doctor Prescott, "but the extent of your debts." He moved aside, as if to clear the passage to the door, turning slightly at the same time toward his other caller, who was cold with indignation upon John Upham's account and terror upon his own.

Half minded he was, when John Upham went out, with his clamping, clumsy tread, with his honest head cast down, and no more words in his mouth for the doctor's last smoothly scathing remark, to follow him at a bound, and ask nothing for himself; but he stood still and watched him go.

When John Upham had opened the door and was passing through, the doctor pursued him with yet one more bit of late advice. "It is poor judgment," said Doctor Prescott, "for a young man to marry and bring children into the world until he has property enough to support them without running into debt. You would have done better had you waited, Mr. Upham. It is what I always tell young men."

Then John Upham turned with the last turn of the trodden worm. "My wife and my children are my own," he cried out, with a great roar. "It's between me and my Maker, my having 'em, and I'll answer to no man for it!" With that he was gone, and the door shut hard after him.

Then Doctor Prescott, no whit disturbed, turned to Jerome and looked at him. Jerome made his manners again. "You are the Edwards boy, aren't you?" said the doctor.

Jerome humbly acknowledged his identity.

"What do you want? Has your mother sent you on an errand?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"Please, sir, may I speak to you a minute?"

"Speak to me?"

"Yes, sir."

Doctor Prescott wore a massive gold watch chain festooned across his fine black satin vest. He pulled out before the boy's wondering and perplexed eyes the great gold timepiece attached to it and looked at it. "You must be quick," said he. "I have to go in five minutes. I will give you five minutes by my watch. Begin."

But poor little Jerome, thus driven with such a hard check-rein of time, paled and reddened and trembled, and could find no words.

"One minute is gone," said the doctor, looking over the open face of his watch at Jerome. Something in his glance spurred on the frightened boy by arousing a flash of resentment.

Jerome, standing straight before the doctor, with a little twitching hand hanging at each side, with his color coming and going, and pulses which could be seen beating hard in his temples and throat, spoke and delivered himself of that innocently overreaching scheme which he had propounded to Squire Eben Merritt.

It seems probable that mental states have their own reflective powers, which sometimes enable one to suddenly see himself in the conception of another, to the complete modification of all his own ideas and opinions. So little Jerome Edwards, even while speaking, began to see his plan as it looked to Doctor Prescott, and not as it had hitherto looked to himself. He began to understand and to realize the flaws in it—that he had asked more of Doctor Prescott than he would grant. Still, he went on, and the doctor heard him through without a word.

"Who put you up to this?" the doctor asked, when he had finished.

"Nobody, sir."

"Your mother?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever hear your father propose anything like this?"

"No, sir."

"Who did? Speak the truth."

"I did."

"You thought out this plan yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Look at me."

Jerome, flushing with angry shame at his own simplicity as revealed to him by this other, older, superior intellect, yet defiant still at this attack upon his truth, looked the doctor straight in his keen eyes.

"Are you speaking the truth?"

"Yes, sir."

Still the doctor looked at him, and Jerome would not cast his eyes down, nor, indeed, could. He felt as if his very soul were being stretched up on tiptoe to the doctor's inspection.

"Children had better follow the wisdom of their elders," said the doctor. He would not even deign to explain to this boy the absurdity of his scheme.

He replaced the great gold watch in his pocket. "I will be in soon, and talk over matters with your mother," he said, turning away.

Jerome gave a gasp. He stumbled forward, as if to fall on his knees at the doctor's feet.

"Oh, sir, don't, don't!" he cried out.

"Don't what?"

"Don't foreclose the mortgage. It will kill mother."

"You don't know what you are talking about," said the doctor, calmly. "Children should not meddle in matters beyond them. I will settle it with your mother."

"Mother's sick!" gasped Jerome. The doctor was moving with his stately strut to the door. Suddenly the boy, in a great outburst of boldness, flung himself before this great man of his childhood and arrested his progress. "Oh, sir, tell me," he begged—"tell me what you're going to do!"

The doctor never knew why he stopped to explain and parley. He was conscious of no softening toward this boy, who had so repelled him with his covert rebellion, and had now been guilty of a much greater offence. An appeal to a goodness which is not in him is to a sensitive and vain soul a stinging insult. Doctor Prescott could have administered corporal punishment to this boy, who seemed to him to be actually poking fun at his dignity, and yet he stopped and answered:

"I am going to take your house into my hands," said Doctor Prescott, "and your mother can live in it and pay me rent."

"We can't pay rent any better than interest money."

"If you can't pay the rent, I shall be willing to take that wood-lot of your father's," said Doctor Prescott. "I will talk that over with your mother."

Jerome looked at him. There was a dreadful expression on his little boyish face. His very lips were white. "You are goin' to take our woodland for rents?"

"If you can't pay them, of course. Your mother ought to be glad she has it to pay with."

"Then we sha'n't have anything."

Doctor Prescott endeavored to move on, but Jerome fairly crowded himself between him and the door, and stood there, his pale face almost touching his breast, and his black eyes glaring up at him with a startling nearness as of fire.

"You are a wicked man," said the boy, "and some day I will punish you for it."

Then there came a grasp of nervous hands upon his shoulders, like the clamp of steel, the door was opened before him, and he was pushed out, and along the entry at arm's-length, and finally made to descend the south door-steps at a dizzy run. "Go home to your mother," ordered Doctor Prescott. Still, he did not raise his voice, his color had not changed, and he breathed no quicker. Births and deaths, all natural stresses of life, its occasional tragedies, and even his own bitter wrath could this small, equally poised man meet with calm superiority over them and command of himself. Doctor Seth Prescott never lost his personal dignity—he could not, since it was so inseparable from his personality. If he chastised his son, it was with the judicial majesty of a king, and never with a self-demeaning show of anger. He ate and drank in his own house like a guest of state at a feast; he drove his fine sorrel in his sulky like a war-horse in a chariot. Once, when walking to meeting on an icy day, his feet went from under him, and he sat down suddenly; but even his fall seemed to have something majestic and solemn and scriptural about it. Nobody laughed.

Doctor Prescott expelling this little boy from his south door had the impressiveness of a priest of Bible times expelling an interloper from the door of the Temple. Jerome almost fell when he reached the ground, but collected himself after a staggering step or two as the door shut behind him.

The doctor's sulky was drawn up before the door, and Jake Noyes stood by the horse's head. The horse sprang aside—he was a nervous sorrel—when Jerome flew down the steps, and Jake Noyes reined him up quickly with a sharp whoa.

As soon as he recovered his firm footing, Jerome started to run out of the yard; but Jake, holding the sorrel's bridle with one hand, reached out the other to his collar and brought him to a stand.

"Hullo!" said he, hushing his voice somewhat and glancing at the door. "What's to pay?"

"I told him he was a wicked man, and he didn't like it because it's true," replied Jerome, in a loud voice, trying to pull away.

"Hush up," whispered Jake, with a half-whimsical, half-uneasy nod of his head toward the door; "look out how you talk. He'll be out and crammin' blue-pills and assafœtidy into your mouth first thing you know. Don't you go to sassin' of your betters."

"He is a wicked man! I don't care, he is a wicked man!" cried Jerome, loudly. He glanced defiantly at the house, then into Jake's face, with a white flash of fury.

"Hush up, I tell ye," said Jake. "He'll be a-pourin' of castor ile down your throat out of a quart measure, arter the blue-pills and the assafœtidy."

"I'd like to see him! He is a wicked man. Let me go!"

"Don't you go to callin' names that nobody but the Almighty has any right to fasten on to folks."

"Let me go!" Jerome wriggled under the man's detaining grasp, as wirily instinct with nerves as a cat; he kicked out viciously at his shins.

"Lord! I'd as lief try to hold a catamount," cried Jake Noyes, laughing, and released him, and Jerome raced out of the yard.

It was then about two o'clock. He should have gone home to his planting, but his childish patience was all gone. Poor little Jack had been worsted by the giant, and his bean-garden might as well be neglected. Human strength may endure heavy disappointments and calamities with heroism, but it requires superhuman power to hold one's hand to the grindstone of petty duties and details of life in the midst of them. Jerome had faced his rebuff without a whimper, and with a great stand of spirit, but now he could not go home and work in the garden, and tie his fiery revolt to the earth with spade and hoe. He ran on up the road, until he passed the village and came to his woodland. He followed the cart path through it, until he was near the boundary wall; then he threw himself down in the midst of some young brakes and little wild green things, and presently fell to weeping, with loud sobs, like a baby.

All day he had been strained up to an artificial height of manhood; now he had come down again to his helpless estate of boyhood. In the solitude of the woods there is no mocking, and no despite for helplessness and grief. The trees raising their heads in a great host athwart the sky, the tender plants beneath gathering into their old places with tumultuous silence, put to shame no outcry of any suffering heart of bird or beast or man. To these unpruned and mother-fastnesses of the earth belonged at first the wailing infancy of all life, and even now a vague memory of it is left, like the organ of a lost sense, in the heart oppressed by the grief of the grown world.

The boy unknowingly had fled to his first mother, who had soothed his old sorrow in his heart before he had come into the consciousness of it. Had Doctor Prescott at any minute surprised him, he would have faced him again, with no sign of weakening; but he lay there, curled up among the brakes as in a green nest, with his face against the earth, and her breath of aromatic moisture in his nostrils, and sobbed and wept until he fell asleep.

He had slept an hour and a half, when he wakened suddenly, with a clear "Hello!" in his ears. He opened his eyes and looked up, dazed, into Squire Eben Merritt's great blond face.

"Hullo!" said Squire Eben again. "I thought it was a woodchuck, and instead of that it's a boy. What are you doing here, sir?"

Jerome raised himself falteringly. He felt weak, and the confused misery of readjusting the load of grief under which one has fallen asleep was upon him. "Guess I fell asleep," he stammered.

"Guess you'd better not fall asleep in such a damp hole as this," said the Squire, "or the rheumatism will catch your young bones. Why aren't you home planting, sir? I thought you were a smart boy."

"He'll get it all; there ain't any use!" said Jerome, with pitiful doggedness, standing ankle-deep in brakes before the Squire. He rubbed his eyes, heavy with sleep and tears, and raised them, dull still, into the Squire's face.

"Who do you mean by he? Dr. Prescott?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then he didn't approve of your plan?"

"He's going to take our house, and let us live in it and pay rent, and if we can't pay he's going to take our wood-lot here—" Suddenly Jerome gave a great sob; he flung himself down wildly. "He sha'n't have it; he sha'n't—he never shall!" he sobbed, and clutched at the brakes and held them to his bosom, as if he were indeed holding some dear thing against an enemy who would wrest it from him.

Squire Eben Merritt, towering over him, with a great string of trout at his side, looked at him with a puzzled frown; then he reached down and pulled him to his feet with a mighty and gentle jerk. "How old are you, sir?" he demanded. "Thought you were a man; thought you were going to learn to fire my gun. Guess you haven't been out of petticoats long enough, after all!"

Jerome drew his sleeve fiercely across his eyes, and then looked up at the Squire proudly. "Didn't cry before him," said he.

Squire Eben laughed, and gave his back a hard pat. "I guess you'll do, after all," said he. "So you didn't have much luck with the doctor?"

"No, sir."

"Well, don't you fret. I'll see what can be done. I'll see him to-night myself."

Jerome looked up in his face, like one who scarcely dares to believe in offered comfort.

The Squire nodded kindly at him. "You leave it all to me," said he; "don't you worry."

Jerome belonged to a family in which there had been little demonstration of devotion and affection. His parents never caressed their children; he and his sister had scarcely kissed each other since their infancy. No matter how fervid their hearts might be, they had also a rigidity, as of paralyzed muscles, which forbade much expression as a shame and an affectation. Jerome had this tendency of the New England character from inheritance and training; but now, in spite of it, he fell down before Squire Eben Merritt, embraced his knees, and kissed his very feet in their great boots, and then his hand.

Squire Eben laughed, pulled the boy to his feet again, and bade him again to cheer up and not to fret. The same impulse of kindly protection which led him to spare the lives and limbs of old trees was over him now toward this weak human plant.

"Come along with me," said Squire Eben, and forthwith Jerome had followed him out of the woods into the road, and down it until they reached his sister's, Miss Camilla Merritt's, house, not far from Doctor Prescott's. There Squire Eben was about to part with Jerome, with more words of reassurance, when suddenly he remembered that his sister needed such a boy to weed her flower-beds, and had spoken to him about procuring one for her. So he had bidden Jerome follow him; and the boy, who would at that moment have gone over a precipice after him, went to Miss Camilla's tea-drinking in her arbor.

When he went home, in an hour's time, he was engaged to weed Miss Camilla's flower-garden all summer, at two shillings per week, and it was understood that his sister could weed as well as he when his home-work prevented his coming.

In early youth exaltation of spirit requires but slight causes; only a soft puff of a favoring wind will send up one like a kite into the ether. Jerome, with the prospect of two shillings per week, and that great kindly strength of the Squire's underlying his weakness, went home as if he had wings on his feet.

"See that boy of poor Abel Edwards's dancin' along, when his father 'ain't been dead a week!" one woman at her window said to another.

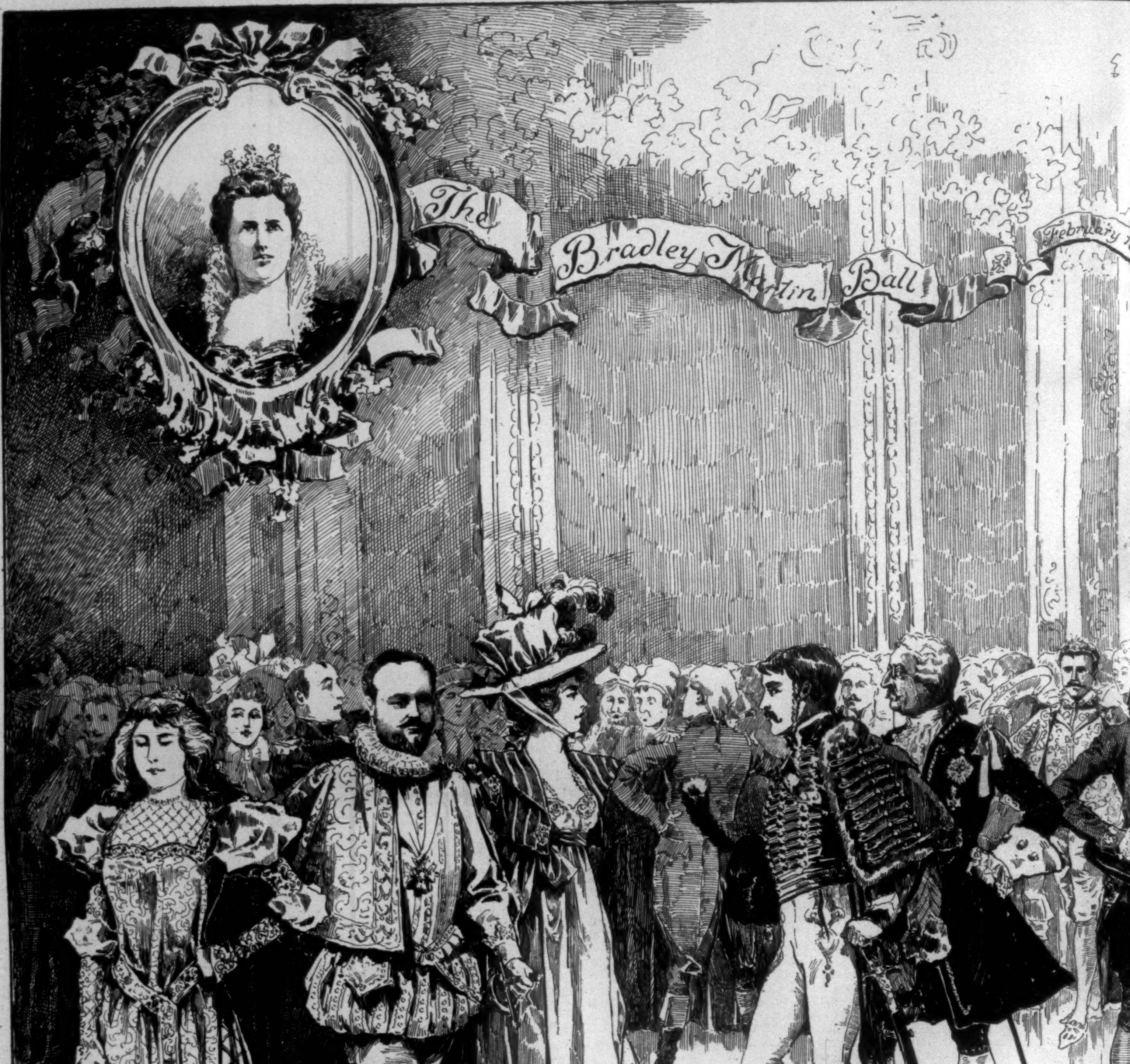
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF SPAIN.

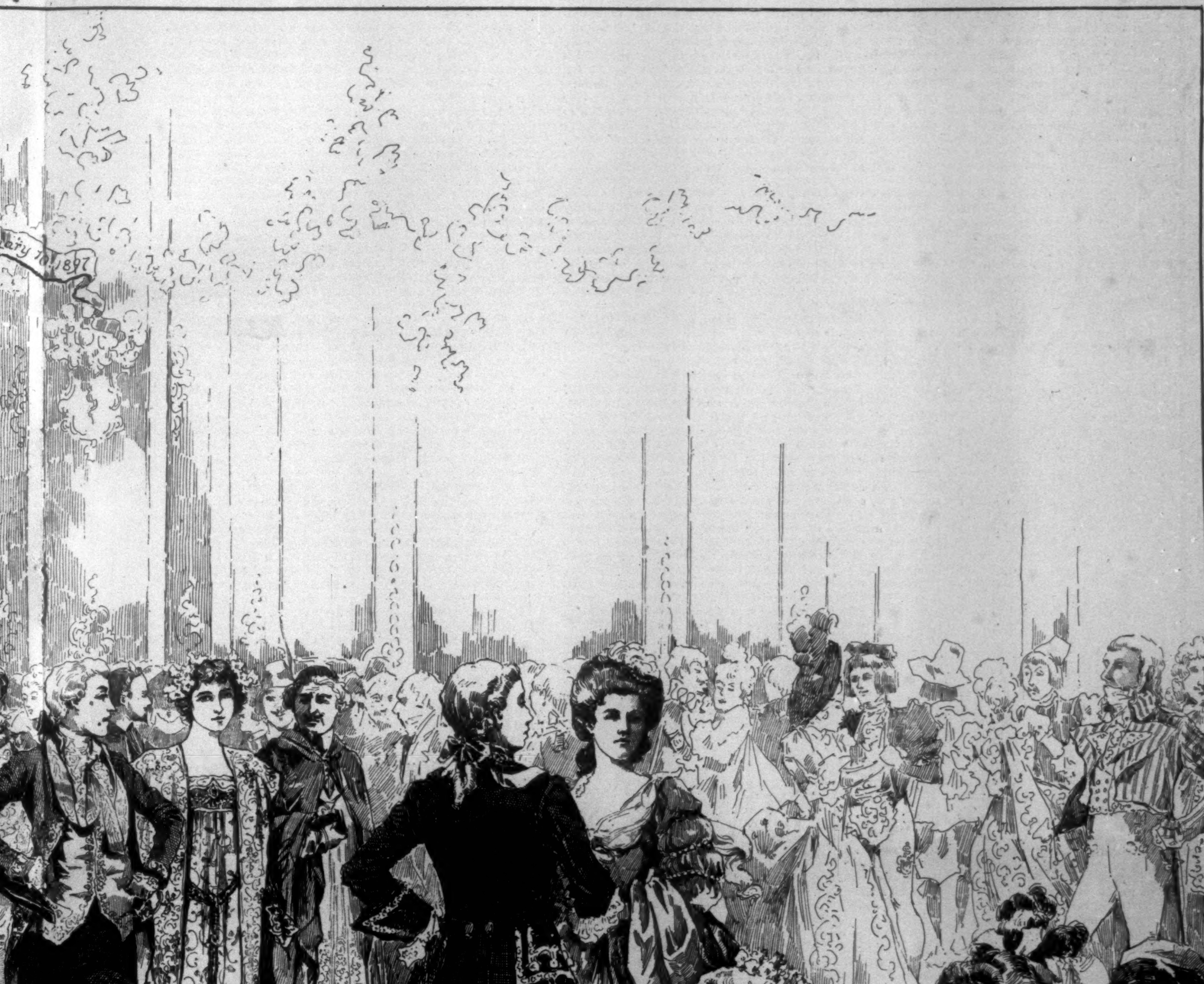
THE outlook in Spain entirely depends upon the issue of the insurrections in Cuba and in the Philippine Islands that keep everything in suspense, and that have arrested the marked progress which the mother-country had been making since 1886. A change for the better in many respects had been developing in the domestic politics of Spain during the first eight years of the regency of Queen Christina. Facts had entirely defeated the gloomy forecasts of most statesmen and political wiseacres, who apprehended all sorts of perils and complications when the premature death of Alfonso XII. deprived the country of its sovereign, and placed the reins of government in the hands of a foreign princess, young and inexperienced in statecraft, with the difficult and arduous task of ruling her adopted land during the minority of her son—*i.e.*, sixteen years! Castelar alone at the time ventured to prophesy that perhaps Spain would fare no worse, after all, under the lighter, less self-willed, less self-asserting direction of a Queen Regent, if tact and prudence prevailed at court and in the councils of the monarchy, and events have most singularly confirmed his forecast. After a very short period of natural hesitation and uncertainty, all clouds scattered on the political horizon, and matters went on very smoothly. The Republicans, after showing some disposition to be turbulent, subsided into their chronic divisions and consequent impotence. The Carlists, who had displayed most eagerness for disturbing the peace of the country, were silenced for years by the firm rebuke of Pope Leo XIII., who not only frowned on their designs, but signified his determination to steadily support the Alfonsist branch of the Bourbons by offering to be the godfather of the little King Alfonso XIII., and by ever since instructing the Primate and bishops to command the lower orders of the clergy and the monks and Jesuits to refrain from airing their well-known preferences for the Carlists. The European courts and governments were no less demonstrative in showing their sympathies and regard for Doña Christina and her son; and the two great loyalist parties of the kingdom, the Conservatives in the cold shade of opposition and the dynastic Liberals in office, rivalled in their devotion to the new régime.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the Liberal government presided over by Señor Sagasta, which so ably managed the affairs of Spain during the first four years and a half of the Regency. Heartily aided by a numerous staff of statesmen like Vega de Armijo, Gamazo, Maura, Canalejas, Venancio Gonzalez, Leon y Castillo, Albareda, Becerra, Nuñez de Arce, Lopez Dominguez, Moret, the Premier Sagasta resolutely carried out year after year almost all the democratic reforms compatible with existing institutions, laws ensuring liberty of the press and of meetings, laws giving more scope to the individual rights of the subject, trial by jury in all but a few extraordinary cases, and last but not least a law re-establishing universal suffrage. Throughout his tenure of office Sagasta was strenuously supported by Castelar and by even more advanced Republicans, whilst he disarmed the irreconcilable sections of the Republican party, because his reforming and progressive policy virtually realized most of the aspirations of democracy by re-establishing almost all the legislation and principles of government of the Spanish revolution of 1868–73 that the Cabinet of the Restoration had suppressed at the outset of the reign of Alfonso XII. Sagasta was no less liberal and progressive in his financial and commercial legislation, ever aiming at reduction of expenditure to diminish budget deficits, and at the development of trade by treaties of commerce on the most favored nation treatment principle with reciprocity of concessions. The results of the new policy were noticeable in a remarkable change in the ways and habits of both politicians and press and of the nation itself.

Spaniards could have said with Byron that a change had come over the spirit of their dream when they saw their Parliament gradually devoting less time to purely didactic speeches, to academical debates on questions of principle, to retrospective recriminations, to their old personal incidents, and, on the contrary, all parties outbidding each other in their zeal for the material interests of the nation, for retrenchment, for reform of abuses, for cleansing their public services and their notoriously bad municipal administration, for everything that could promote trade, national production, public works, and education. The press as well as the politicians awoke to the fact that public opinion was more keen for such questions nowadays, and that the majority of Spaniards considered that the evolution of reform in politics and liberal legislation had been carried most happily far enough to allow the Parliament, the government, and the governing classes to pay more attention to questions too much neglected hitherto for merely political matters and political rivalries and squabbles inside and outside the Cortes. In the wake of questions of material interests, social questions and remedial legislation were mooted seriously for the first time in Parliament, in the press, in pamphlets, in books, and in learned and literary societies, when everybody noticed that the working classes in Spain as in other European countries were unfortunately severing their connection with the old political parties, even with the Republicans, to organize themselves apart in associations, clubs, trades unions, and secret societies even ranging from every form of socialism to anarchism. Not the least interesting feature of the change that was creeping over Spanish society in the last ten years had been the decline of the influence of military men in politics. This was very natural after eighteen years of peace at home and in the colonies, and as the restoration prided in having closed the era of pronunciamentos with the one of December 29, 1874, when Marshal Martinez Campos played the part of a Castilian monk to place Alfonso XII. on the throne of the Catholic kings, and to undo the whole work of Prim, Serrano, Castelar, and the revolution of 1868. The weak Republican and military risings so soon quelled in 1882 and 1886 could no more be styled pronunciamentos than the mild attempts that some Spanish generals have made now and then without success to tread in the path of the great political marshals of the reign of Isabella II. and of the revolution. The healthiest feature of modern Spanish politics up to 1895 had been the decided decline of militarism as a political factor, though it cannot be denied that now and then it showed, unfortunately, signs of vitality when cabinets or war ministers did not assert themselves properly. To the reign of Alfonso XII. the sovereign allowed his gen-


The Bradley Martin Ball
February
H McVickar 97.

SCENE AT THE COSTUME BALL GIVEN BY MR. AND MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN AT THE WALDORF H



HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 10, 1897.—Drawn by Harry W. McVickar.—[See "This Busy World," Page 175.]

erals to understand that he intended both to be a ruler and to accept no dictation in military or political matters, and he was ably seconded by his premiers Canovas and Sagasta, and by stern war ministers like Marshal Quesada, Generals Ceballos and Castillo, in his efforts to keep military men as much as possible away from politics, and confined to their professional duties. Under the Regency the first cabinet of Sagasta stuck to this policy down to 1890, when some military politicians in both houses got troublesome, and helped to hasten the fall of the Liberal administration; and again, at the beginning of 1895, in March, the fall of Sagasta was chiefly brought about by turbulent demonstrations of young officers in the capital.

Liberal governments have more often had trouble with militarism in Spain than Conservative ministries, because the latter have shown, as a rule, less disposition to check military politicians. On the whole, however, during the last ten years, only two generals have played a prominent part in politics—Cassola, as a democratic army-reformer in the first years of the Regency, and Marshal Campos, owing to his exceptional services that entitle him to extraordinary attentions from the dynasty and its councillors. The military and political failure of the gallant marshal in Cuba has shorn him of much of his prestige, and Cassola died at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. All the recent attempts to revive the interference of militarism have met a determined resistance in public opinion, in the press, in the courts of law and supreme court ruling against the military courts when they tried to interfere with the liberty of the press, and among politicians of every shade, even not a few Conservatives.

The good seed sown in those first years of the Regency had fallen in a soil of quite unsuspected fertility, that proved what stamina still remained in the middle and lower strata of Spanish society. Even more rapid than the slow growth of improvement in the political and governing classes were the signs of vitality that sprang up in the rest of the nation, at last recovering possession of itself after its pronunciamentos, revolutions, and reactions. Native capital grew apace with native enterprise in railways, public works, industries, commerce, and foreign capital equally poured in to take part in the renascent activity and prosperity of Spain. At this time it was noticed that Spain, exactly like Italy in the previous decade, was rapidly buying out of the hands of foreign investors her exterior debt, her Cuban bonds, her railway debentures and bonds, and even the shares of some of her railways. In the more prosperous provinces, like Catalonia, Biscay, and the sister Basque districts, all local railways, public works, electric and gas companies, municipal loans, harbor works, were started and carried on chiefly with native capital. One of the characteristics of the period was the patriotic desire, openly and publicly confessed, to take all such enterprises, and as soon as possible the whole debt, into Spanish hands and to shake off the foreigner altogether. These feelings contributed in great part to the propagation of protectionist doctrines in all the political parties, which led to an economic reaction against free trade, regardless of the very important part that a very mild and progressive free-trade policy had played in the extraordinary development of the exterior trade of Spain, trebling it, in fact, between the years 1869–70 and 1891.

After the fall of the Sagasta cabinet in 1890, and down to the eve of the outbreak in Cuba at the end of February, 1895, the governments of the Regency endeavored to keep in touch with the new drift of public opinion; so they devoted their attention especially to the finances of the peninsula, to the tariffs and commercial policy, to colonial reforms, to the reform of the notorious and glaring abuses of their state, provincial, and, above all, municipal administration. Spanish finance, like that of most European countries, was not in a brilliant condition, because Spain, too, was in the habit of spending a good deal more annually than the ordinary taxation could provide. Every budget since the Restoration had, with one single exception, shown a deficit on an average of $13,000,000. Despite a conversion of the debts of the state and Treasury in 1882, by which the bondholders of the consols assented to the loss of two-thirds of their interest and more than half their capital, budgets continued to show deficits, and after a first consolidation of $50,000,000 of floating debt in 1891, there exists at the present moment a Spanish floating debt of close upon $100,000,000. There is not the slightest doubt that if the taxes were properly assessed and regularly collected and paid, they could produce considerably more than the average $150,000,000 required for the ordinary budget. These ordinary budgets are flanked with extraordinary budgets, for which the finance ministers devise all sorts of extraordinary ways and means to pay, for public works, army and navy expenditure not included in the ordinary estimates, to the tune of ten to fifteen or more million dollars a year. When Sagasta resigned in 1890, the Queen Regent sent for Canovas del Castillo, who formed a Conservative cabinet that lasted until the end of 1893. Canovas, during his two and a half years of office, had attempted to reduce expenditure, and he had reversed the commercial policy of the previous twenty-four years. He not only raised the duties on breadstuffs and live-stock, but he denounced all the treaties of commerce in 1891, and put in force in 1892 a very protectionist tariff, calculated to tell heavily in favor of native manufacturers. This policy gave great impulse to native industries in the peninsula, but, on the other hand, it greatly affected the relations of Spain with almost all her foreign markets, and it caused a decline of exports even larger than of imports, a decrease of railway traffic and receipts, a great rise in foreign exchanges, a widespread shrinking of commercial operations, and a financial crisis, of which the most unfavorable feature was the total disappearance of gold from all business transactions in the country. These consequences of an exaggerated protectionism contributed to the rapid increase of the note issue of the Bank of Spain, from $170,000,000 to $215,000,000.

At the end of 1893 Sagasta and the Liberals re-entered the councils of the Regency, and they did not dare to alter the protectionist tariff of their predecessors, though they did their best to mitigate its effects by several treaties of commerce with Portugal, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and Denmark, and by agreements with England, France, Italy, Austria, Belgium, and other countries, whereby those powers obtained the same advantages as the nations having treaties, and granted Spain their most favored nation treatment. He gave satisfaction to public opinion by the energetic steps his Finance Minister Gumazo took to reduce expenditure several million dollars annually, though the conflict with Morocco and the Spanish expedition to Melilla marred the results of the retrenchment policy. He gave a vigorous impulse to the collection of taxation and to the repression of frauds and malpractices in the civil administration, but he did not answer the expectations of public opinion in reforms of the municipal abuses in Madrid. One of the last acts of his government was colonial reform, mooted in the Parliament by the bill of Señor Maura, that might have perhaps averted the present insurrection if it had been put into force in 1894. It was shelved, and its author resigned to make room for Señor Abarzuza and his more restrictive bill, which all Spanish parties agreed to vote in January, 1895, when the storm was on the point of bursting in Cuba, and another storm was brewing in the Philippine Islands.

Spanish statesmen had tardily awakened to the sense that they could not stick forever to the old colonial policy that had made them lose the greater part of their dominions in the New World. Reluctantly and parsimoniously they had bowed to the presentiment of coming danger; and the stern logic of events, the inexorable evolution of historical law, as irresistible as all evolution of natural law, was soon to oblige them to go very much further in the path of concessions.

Very soon after the beginning of the Cuban insurrection a succession of events took place that brought to a standstill the progress of the Spanish people which I have sketched, and which had been remarkable and persistent, notwithstanding the drawbacks arising from the mistakes and the shortcomings of their governing classes in finance, in commerce, in administration of every kind, and in political, electoral, and military matters, owing to the great difficulty there is in shaking off old and inveterate habits. No European nation deserves good government and sound administration more than the docile, patient, long-suffering people which is always so ready to respond to the call of its rulers when they appeal to the pride and patriotism of a gallant race, and when they do not tax too much its powers of endurance by misgovernment and political mistakes of sufficient magnitude to arouse popular wrath—then not easy to control. This was seen also during the last two years, as the nation allowed its governments to call out 270,000 conscripts, 15,000 reserves, 15,000 on unlimited furlough, which enabled the War Minister to send 200,000 men to Cuba and Puerto Rico, 18,000 men to the Philippines, and to keep about 90,000 at home ready for fresh emergencies. The families of 45,000 other conscripts did not hesitate to take from their hoards $15,000,000, which they paid into the Treasury to redeem their lads from military service. They thus furnished the Finance Minister with means to make up in part the decline visible in many other sources of taxation affected by the effects of the civil war. Trade and all sorts of business decreased, exchanges rose to 27 per cent., agricultural interests suffered, and bad crops in 1896 aggravated matters. Manufacturing districts, especially in Catalonia, suffered most, and much distress is noticeable among the working-classes of populous districts, whose only foreign markets were the West Indies and the Philippine Isles, to which they used to send, before the rebellions, about $30,000,000 of products annually.

The falling off of agricultural and industrial exports caused by these insurrections gives a foretaste of what the secession of either colony would be for those Spanish provinces, inhabited by the most turbulent Republican and socialist democracy in towns, and by the equally turbulent Carlist peasantry in highlands and rural districts.

Nor have the moneyed interests suffered less in consequence of the effects of the civil wars on the money markets of Spain and of European capitals, where the prices of Spanish funds and Spanish securities of many kinds show a decline, compared with the quotations of three years ago, tantamount to a loss of several hundred million dollars for Spanish and foreign investors. It is very difficult to surmise how much more decline would surely take place in these securities as the immediate result of the consequences that the loss of either colony would have in the domestic affairs of Spain. The capitalists and moneyed classes are kept in a state of anxiety and suspense quite as painful as that of the landed and agricultural or manufacturing interests by the continuance of these civil wars. What is more, these classes of the community are best in a position to understand that even in the event of a success in the colonial wars, the mother-country will be burdened for many years with large additional taxation to pay the interest and sinking-fund of the debts contracted to defray the expenses of the pacification of the colonies, and to preserve peace afterwards in Cuba and the Philippines by heavier naval and military expenditure than hitherto. In reality, up to the present the Spanish tax-payer has not been called upon by the government to assist the Cuban or Philippine treasuries, because the Conservative cabinet has appealed to extraordinary devices to cover the expenses of both struggles. The Philippine outlay has been met with money borrowed from native and foreign banks and from the religious orders, and with the proceeds of the confiscated estates of the rebels, to the amount of several million dollars monthly. The expenditure in Cuba, $11,000,000 a month, will have been covered until the end of March, 1897—during twenty-five months, that is to say—with the $74,400,000 net produced by the recent interior loan entirely subscribed by the natives of the peninsula, and with about $95,000,000 that the Minister for the Colonies has drawn from $140,000,000 nominal of Cuban five-per-cent. bonds he had in hand at the beginning of the insurrection, and which the Cortes authorized him to sell or to give in guarantee of advances, though a previous law had assigned these bonds for the contemplated conversion of the older debts of Cuba. Now the time has come when the government must ask Parliament, as soon as it assembles, for ways and means in the shape of additional taxation in Spain to face the requirements of these loans, both guaranteed by the national treasury, and successively of any more loans necessary to complete the pacification of the colonies. It stands to reason that, should Spain vanquish the Cubans and Filipinos, many years must elapse ere either colony can contribute to the annual burden of these loans, considering that Cuba, for instance, before the present insurrection, had average yearly deficits of $5,000,000, when she had only to pay her ordinary expenditure and the interest and sinking-fund of the then comparatively small debt, about $120,000,000, requiring $11,000,000 annually. In the colonies and in the mother-country the financial and tributary problems are not easy to solve, as Spanish tax-payers for many years past have not found it feasible to pay $150,000,000 for the home budget, and most people in Spain are at a loss to understand how their governments will raise $30,000,000 more of taxes.

The political outlook is not much more brilliant than the financial and economical prospects of the country. The first inevitable consequence of the colonial wars was the revival of military influences in Spanish politics. The Liberal cabinet of Sagasta was overthrown a few weeks after the outbreak in Cuba, because Liberal statesmen could not afford to pick a quarrel with the marshals and generals who more or less openly sided with the young officers of the Madrid garrison, who had taken the law into their own hands, and actually attacked the editorial offices of newspapers in the capital whose criticisms had given offence to the military. The papers only escaped being sent to court martial on that occasion, and several times since when they dared to criticise army administration in Spain and in the colonies, by appealing to the supreme court of the realm, which, most fortunately, would not allow any pressure on the part of governments to deter it from ruling that until the existing legislation is altered by act of Parliament all press delicts must be tried by juries in civil courts. Conservative, and, strange to say, some Liberal, statesmen also, are so inclined to coquet with militarism for political ends yet that they publicly state their intention to be to propose a modification of the existing codes in order to submit all press delicts against the army and its generals to correctional tribunals without juries, so as to make sure that offenders will be more easily convicted. Given the traditions and antecedents of Spanish politics, it is not difficult to surmise that whatever be the issue of the colonial wars, militarism will certainly regain part of the ground it had lost, and the country will find itself once more, as it did at the end of the civil wars of twenty years ago, burdened with many pensions, half-pays, and larger military and naval estimates.

The Conservative, protectionist, Catholic government presided over by Señor Canovas, that succeeded Sagasta, has had its own way since April, 1895, as all the oppositions have pretty sincerely observed the tacit truce that press and public opinion demanded of their politicians to allow their executive more liberty to deal with exterior difficulties and colonial struggles. The new cabinet kept up the protectionist tariffs, ceased all negotiations for treaties of commerce, permitted things to go on as usual in the civil and municipal administration, made a general election, with all the national traits of official pressure and compromises with the oppositions to secure docile majorities, whilst affecting to keep up the appearances of Parliamentary and constitutional government. The majority of the Republicans held aloof from the municipal and political polls, declining to share the responsibilities of the present crisis at home and in the colonies, with a view to be at liberty to criticise the acts of the Regency and of its governments, and also to be in a position to take advantage of circumstances and of complications for the realization of the ideals of democracy after the close in some shape of the civil war and of the strained relations with the United States—to use their own words. The other anti-dynastic party, the Carlists, were shown such favor in the elections by government and authorities that they secured several seats in Congress and Senate. This enabled them to air the factious and impudent pretensions of the party that cynically proclaims, at the end of the nineteenth century, that only the fear of aggravating the embarrassments of the country and government in the present crisis, and thus incurring much unpopularity, induces the Pretender and his Carlists to condescend to refrain from bloodshed and revolutionary methods—twice put into practice in the present century—to restore the theocracy, combined with despotic monarchy, which stunted the growth of this nation, and which were the principal causes of its decay in Europe and in the colonies, until the spirit of the age made Spanish Progressists and Liberals turn a new leaf in 1820, 1836, 1854, 1868, and in 1886, the stages forward in the movement of civilization and progress that persisted despite temporary reactions.

After having voted all the supplies and authorizations indispensable for pushing on the colonial wars during a long recess, the dynastic oppositions—Liberals, Democrats, dissentient Conservatives—continue to observe the national truce. They have only made their influence felt to push the government towards an understanding, friendly and honorable, with the United States and with their own colonies, under the auspices of a policy of colonial reforms sincere enough to satisfy the West Indies without impairing the rights, interests, and sovereignty of Spain. They so clearly gave the country and court to understand that they would volunteer to assist the Regent in doing so that Canovas had to elect to make way to let them carry out such a policy, or at last to undertake to carry it out himself, and thus virtually to admit that the war and repression policy patronized by himself and General Weyler had signally failed. In a statesmanlike way Canovas made up his mind to reverse his policy—the traditional policy of Spanish Conservatives; and if he fails in his advances to the States and to the Cubans, the dynastic oppositions are ready to come forward to advise and defend the Queen Regent in what might be an hour of great peril for the institutions and for the country. Failure in the West Indies or in the Philippines would test sorely the stability of the present régime. The prevalent impression among the governing classes is, however, that the loyalty of the great dynastic parties, the loyalty of the army, navy, and authorities, the loyalty of the prelates, would suffice to preserve Spain from the lamentable consequences of any rash popular explosion of discontent that would simply play into the hands of the advanced Republicans, and, what would be much worse, in the wake of the Republicans, afford a pretext for the Carlists to carry out their nefarious designs. The majority of Spaniards would not relish the idea of falling again into the hands of their extreme parties. Spain is not ripe for pure democracy, on Castelar's own confession, or for self-government under republican institutions, because her people are still too much impregnated with Catholic and monarchical inclinations and prejudices. On the other hand, Spain does really not deserve the curse of a political and religious reaction such as Carlism would be, to the undoing of the gallant efforts of three generations, and to check the progress of a nation that has shown extraordinary vitality and so many noble and generous qualities—such energy in its past, under terrible disadvantages, that she need not despair of resuming some day her old place among the great powers of Europe.

ARTHUR HOUGHTON.

MADRID, *January 25, 1897.*

LONDON.

February 1, 1897.

THERE are always, goodness knows, books; there are often, too often, pictures; there are sometimes even plays: and it would be easier in each case to stick to the question, were we likely never to meet such a happy anomaly as Mr. J. G. Marks's *Life and Letters of Frederick Walker*—a work of which I might scarce find occasion to speak should I regard its place only as that of a volume among volumes. This would be a pity, for I have read it with a pleasure to which the only drawback is a view of the difficulty of giving all reasons when so many are reasons of sentiment. The book is, at any rate, on its highly liberal scale, so full of interesting reproduction of Walker's work that the kindly way to treat it is as a gallery, an exhibition, of which the voluminous catalogue consists of extracts from the artist's correspondence. Mr. Marks is Walker's brother-in-law, and it is perhaps the added anxiety of relationship that has kept his biography back till twenty years after the death of the subject. That is indeed, in general, I think, an excellent time to wait—it tends so much to settle the question of particular urgency. Only the tone of commemoration, in this case, is advisably not the same as in that of a record more immediate. The twenty years, for Mr. Marks, have put his hero in no foreshortened perspective, and the light of the present is not, for him, the light of criticism. Let me hasten to add, however, that the reader affected in a certain fond fashion toward that exquisite genius will not in the least regret these things. If such a reader cannot himself supply such criticism as the case may require, he will, I think, scarce be of a complexion to draw from these handsome pages the particular melancholy sweetness they are most capable of yielding. If the book is weak as a contribution to the "history of art"—lugubrious limbo!—it does profusely what it pretends—it rather clumsily, but very tenderly reconstitutes an intensely attaching figure, a career short, rich and sad.

Walker was, for that matter, not critical of himself—I mean he had none of the expression of it; and nothing is more curious, more replete with the lesson of the pure instinctiveness of genius, than—considering the noble delicacy of the work he produced—the absence in his letters of most reflections and questions, of anything like intellectual emotion. His talent was all his utterance and his success all his philosophy. I don't mean by this indeed that his letters—all of the necessary order, and mainly to his homely and admirable mother—are not, in their young roughness and sweetness, very personal, articulate and touching. They have the effect that the man evidently had in life—they make us surrender to a charm. The charm, for all that he was essential of the irritable race, was, to his contemporaries, irresistible, and the echo of it is a thing to gather, almost with piety, from the talk of those of his friends—they are, naturally, many—who still survive him. For one of these, not now a survivor, but, like himself, finally gathered in and niched, he was, in memory, the embodiment of young distinction and young inspiration, as well as of the particular beauty of association that comes from early death. He was, in Du Maurier's mind, a fixed image—almost a happy obsession. American readers of the most circulated of novels needn't be reminded of the part played by this vivid image in the text and the illustrations of *Trilby*. Very diminutive, of distinguished aspect, Walker was sensitive, unreasonable, lovable-pathetic, somehow, from the beginning, and yet boyish and privileged to the end. For the rest—a large remainder, his mass of exquisite production—Mr. Marks's book reawakens much more our sense of what he had than of what he lacked. He had, above all, an extraordinary completeness; in the little full, composed, condensed dramatic world of which each of his pictures consists, it is curiously impossible to say that one element of interest or one kind of knowledge predominates. There are so many kinds of knowledge and so many kinds of feeling, and the whole thing is so indifferent to the vulgar distinction between landscape and figures. Everything, in one of his subjects, articulates, everything insists and conspires, and what everything together achieves is an effect of beauty and poetry peculiarly human. His taste, his sense of proportion were fortunately infallible, for the "story picture," in England, had had a sufficiently grewsome past. An exquisite English painter of English things, he was, in a word—one may say it in the full, present welter of the opposite wave—the most distinguished product of which the age of expressionism was capable.

It is not, as we meet them, so easy to say of what ages Lord Leighton and Ford Madox Brown were the product, though each offers us the aid of a copious exhibition, the former installed at Burlington House this month past, the other, within a day or two, affronting the new and somewhat fierce light of the elegant Grafton Galleries. The honors are posthumous for both, but upon antecedents and, on the whole, with consequences so different, that the contrast has an interesting vividness. I am fully conscious that Lord Leighton incurs a kind of æsthetic grudge by the mere occupation, for so many weeks, of those admirable rooms of the Royal Academy which are usually, in winter, given up to older names and sturdier presences. When the light is mild, the days short, the sounds muffled and the spectators few, the Old Masters at Burlington House, gathered wondrously from English homes, diffuse, in the quiet halls, from year to year, an effect that is half of melancholy, half of cheer, and that, if the programme varies, one rather resentfully misses. I am not less reminiscent of the splendid obsequies, last spring, that at the time made us ask some of the questions of which the answer seems now to be coming in as ruefully as a shy child comes into a drawing-room. The day was suave and splendid, congruous, somehow, with the whole "note" of Leighton's personality. The funeral, in the streets cleared of traffic and lined, for the long passage to St. Paul's, with the multitude, had the air of a national demonstration, and under the dome of the great church, where all the England of "culture" seemed gathered, the rites had the impressiveness of a universal mourning. They formed a suggestive hour, none the less, for a spectator not exempt from the morbid trick of reflection. They were for all the world so like some immense *committal* of the public spirit, that it was impossible not to wonder to what it was this spirit committed itself. Now that upwards of a year has come round, the reply would appear to be—simply to nothing at all.

The case bids fair—as far as we have got, at least—to offer promising material for at least one page of that history of the inconsequence of the mind of the multitude which has yet to be written, but for which, here and there, a possibly maniacal student will be found collecting illustrations. It always comes back, with the fluctuating fortune of artist, of author, of *any* victim of "public attention," to the same, the eternal bewilderment: is the key to the enigma that there was too much noise yesterday, or that there is not enough of it to-day? Lord Leighton's beautiful house, almost immediately after his funeral, was offered as a memorial to the nation if the nation would subscribe to buy it. The nation, scarce up from its genuflections at St. Paul's, buttoned its pocket without so much as scratching its head. Since then his two sisters—one of them the accomplished Mrs. Sutherland Orr, friend and biographer of Browning—have generously made known that they will present the house as a museum for relics of their brother if the public, in its commemorative enthusiasm, will collect the relics and keep up the establishment. Nothing is more presumable than that the public will do nothing of the sort. Small blame, however, to the persons who were misguided by the great show of homage and who must be now asking themselves what in the world it meant. They will scarce find an obvious answer, I think, in the fine vacant chambers of the Academy. It may probably, however, be figured out there—in the presence of so much beauty and so little passion, so much seeking, and, on the whole, so little finding—that the late President of the institution was one of the happy celebrities who take it out, as the phrase is, in life. Life was generous to him, as nature had been, and he drank deep of what it can give. The great demonstration last year was, like his peerage, simply a part of his success. It was not, as it were, of the residuum—it was still on the wrong side of the line.

I know not how to describe better the Madox Brown exhibition—the only complete one of this painter ever held, I believe, in London—than by saying that it is an opportunity for poetic justice rather tragically missed. Everything is there for it but justice herself: the revenge of time somehow stops half-way. The career of the artist was full of professional stumbles, and it is difficult not to see one more in this final miscarriage. Full of energy, passion and thought, he was, in his lifetime, appreciated neither by the public nor by the members of his own craft. The Academy rejected him, "skied" him, by his own measure outraged him, and he labored year after year in solitude and poverty. He "met," as must have been said, "no public want." He would make no concessions and play no tricks, he was obstinate and rancorous, and he is so rare an example of popularity forfeited that, by every rule of the game, he should have appeared to-day in force only to confound the generations that misjudged him. He is, however, not quite up to his part. The sincerity that shines out in him lights up not only the vulgarity of his age, but too many of his own perversities and pedantries. A certain measure of redress he enjoys: his small but so interesting "Christ washing the feet of Peter" is in the National Gallery, and the museum of the Louvre, which, I am told, coveted his still smaller, but so intensely queer and intensely charming "Romeo and Juliet," has accepted, as a legacy of the late Miss Mathilde Blind, a highly characteristic production. In the "Romeo and Juliet," painted with a childlike *gaucherie*, the motion as of a rope-dancer balancing, the outstretched, level, stiff-fingered hand of the young man who, calling time, tearing himself away in the dovelike summer dawn, buries his face in his mistress's neck and throws his ill-shaped leg over her balcony—this little gesture of reason and passion is the very making of the picture. There are other things, like his "Cordelia's Portion," which have a little of everything, including beauty, but which are so crammed with independent meanings as rather to be particolored maps than pictures of his subject. Everything in Madox Brown is almost geographically side by side—his method is as lateral as the chalk on the blackboard. This gives him, with all his abundance, an air of extraordinary, of *invraisemblable* innocence. The moral of it all seems to be that, as regards the question of success, the best way to fail to please is to fail trying. Then the gods *may* come down. A case of poetic justice much more rounded was when, a fortnight ago, Mr. John Sargent was made an R.A. He may not indeed have tried too slavishly to please. On the other hand neither, at last, has he failed.

HENRY JAMES.

A WHITE DAY.

GRAY, tapering spires half lost in swarming white.
 White roofs where fleeting eddies swirl and shift,
 White casements gathering each its sloping drift.
 A sound of sleigh-bells on the muffled street—
 The scrape of shovels and the stamp of feet—
A half-lit day that fades to half-lit night.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.[*]

Being some Further Account of the Doings of the Associated Shades, under the Leadership of Sherlock Holmes, Esq.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL.

III.—THE SEARCH PARTY IS ORGANIZED.

"WELL, Mr. Holmes," said Sir Walter Raleigh, after three rousing cheers, led by Hamlet, had been given with a will by the assembled spirits, "after this demonstration in your honor I think it is hardly necessary for me to assure you of our hearty co-operation in anything you may venture to suggest. There is still manifest, however, some desire on the part of the ever-wise King Solomon and my friend Confucius to know how you deduce that Kidd has sailed for London, from the cigar end which you hold in your hand."

"I can easily satisfy their curiosity," said Sherlock Holmes, genially. "I believe I have already proven that it is the end of Kidd's cigar. The marks of the teeth have shown that. Now observe how closely it is smoked—there is barely enough of it left for one to insert between his teeth. Now Captain Kidd would hardly have risked the edges of his mustache and the comfort of his lips by smoking a cigar down to the very light if he had had another; nor would he under any circumstances have smoked it that far unless he were passionately addicted to this particular brand of the weed. Therefore I say to you, first, this was his cigar; second, it was the last one he had; third, he is a confirmed smoker. The result, he has gone to the one place in the world where these Connecticut hand-rolled Havana cigars—for I recognize this as one of them—have a real popularity, and are therefore more certainly obtainable, and that is at London. You cannot get so vile a cigar as that outside of a London hotel. If I could have seen a quarter-inch more of it, I should have been able definitely to locate the hotel itself. The wrappers unroll to a degree that varies perceptibly as between the different hotels. The Metropole cigar can be smoked a quarter through before its wrapper gives way; the Grand wrapper goes as soon as you light the cigar; whereas the Savoy, fronting on the Thames, is surrounded by a moister atmosphere than the others, and, as a consequence, the wrapper will hold really until most people are willing to throw the whole thing away."

"It is really a wonderful art!" said Solomon.

"The making of a Connecticut Havana cigar?" laughed Holmes. "Not at all. Give me a head of lettuce and a straw, and I'll make you a box."

"I referred to your art—that of detection," said Solomon. "Your logic is perfect; step by step we have been led to the irresistible conclusion that Kidd has made for London, and can be found at one of these hotels."

"And only until next Tuesday, when he will take a house in the neighborhood of Scotland Yard," put in Holmes, quickly, observing a sneer on Hawkshaw's lips, and hastening to overwhelm him by further evidence of his ingenuity. "When he gets his bill he will open his piratical eyes so wide that he will be seized with jealousy to think of how much more refined his profession has become since he left it, and out of mere pique he will leave the hotel, and, to show himself still cleverer than his modern prototypes, he will leave his account unpaid, with the result that the affair will be put in the hands of the police, under which circumstances a house in the immediate vicinity of the famous police headquarters will be the safest hiding-place he can find, as was instanced by the remarkable case of the famous Penstock bond robbery. A certain church-warden named Hinkley, having been appointed cashier thereof, robbed the Penstock Imperial Bank of £1,000,000 in bonds, and fleeing to London, actually joined the detective force at Scotland Yard, and was detailed to find himself, which of course he never did, nor would he ever have been found had he not crossed my path."

Hawkshaw gazed mournfully off into space, and Le Coq muttered profane words under his breath.

"We're not in the same class with this fellow, Hawkshaw," said Le Coq. "You could tap your forehead knowingly eight hours a day through all eternity with a sledge-hammer without loosening an idea like that."

"Nevertheless I'll confound him yet," growled the jealous detective. "I shall myself go to London, and, disguised as Captain Kidd, will lead this visionary on until he comes there to arrest me, and when these club members discover that it is Hawkshaw and not Kidd he has run to earth, we'll have a great laugh on Sherlock Holmes."

"I am anxious to hear how you solved the bond-robbery mystery," said Socrates, wrapping his toga closely about him and settling back against one of the spiles of the wharf.

"So are we all," said Sir Walter. "But meantime the House-boat is getting further away."

"Not unless she's sailing backwards," sneered Noah, who was still nursing his resentment against Sir Christopher Wren for his reflections upon the speed of the Ark.

"What's the hurry?" asked Socrates. "I believe in making haste slowly; and on the admission of our two eminent naval architects, Sir Christopher and Noah, neither of their vessels can travel more than a mile a week, and if we charter the *Flying Dutchman* to go in pursuit of her, we can catch her before she gets out of the Styx into the Atlantic."

"Jonah might lend us his whale, if the beast is in commission," suggested Munchausen, dryly. "I for one would rather take a state-room in Jonah's whale than go aboard the *Flying Dutchman* again. I made one trip on the *Dutchman*, and she's worse than a dory for comfort; furthermore, I don't see what good it would do us to charter a boat that can't land oftener than once in seven years, and spends most of her time trying to double the Cape of Good Hope."

"My whale is in commission," said Jonah, with dignity. "But Baron Munchausen need not consider the question of taking a state-room aboard of her. She doesn't carry second-class passengers. And if I took any stock in the idea of a trip on the *Flying Dutchman* amounting to a seven years' exile, I would cheerfully pay the Baron's expenses for a round trip."

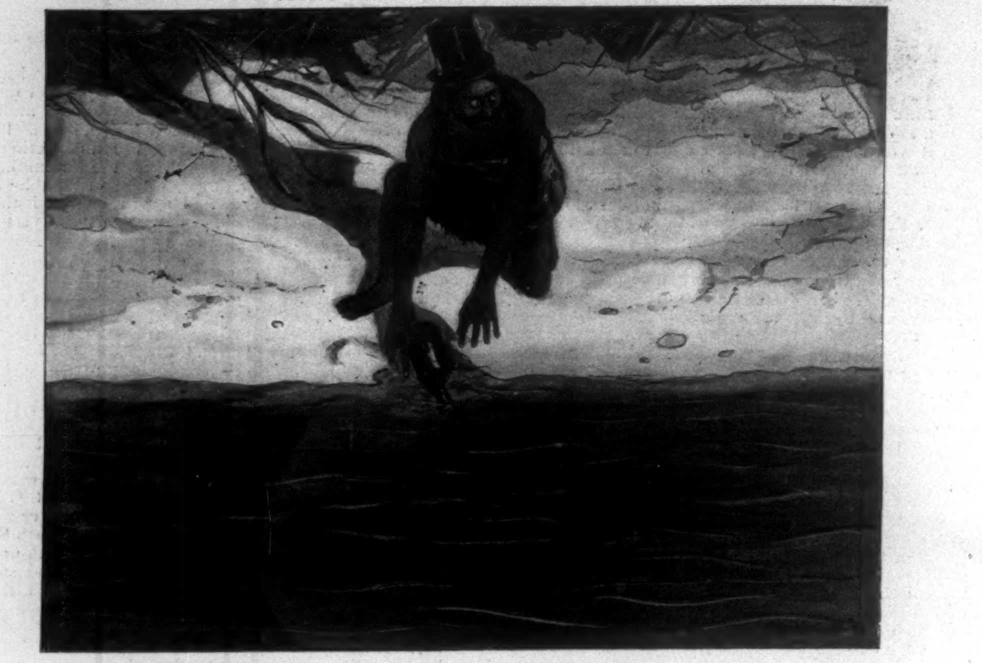
"We are losing time, gentlemen," suggested Sherlock Holmes. "This is a moment, I think, when you should lay aside personal differences and personal preferences for immediate action. I have examined the wake of the House-boat, and I judge from the condition of what, for want of a better term, I may call the suds, when she left us the House-boat was making ten knots a day. Almost any craft we can find suitably manned ought to be able to do better than that, and if you could summon Charon and ascertain what boats he has at hand, it would be for the good of all concerned."

"That's a good plan," said Johnson. "Boswell, see if you can find Charon."

"I am here already, sir," returned the ferryman, rising. "Most of my boats have gone into winter quarters, your Honor. The *Mayflower* went into dry dock last week to be calked up; the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria* are slow and cranky; the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* I haven't really had time to patch up; and the *Valkyrie* is two months overdue. I cannot make up my mind whether she is lost or kept back by excursion steamers. Hence I really don't know what I can lend you. Any of these boats I have named you could have had for nothing, but my others are

---

[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No 2094.



A BLACK PERSON BY THE NAME OF FRIDAY FINDS A BOTTLE IN THE STYX.

actively employed, and I couldn't let them go without a serious interference with my business."

The old man blinked sorrowfully across the waters at the opposite shore. It was quite evident that he realized what a dreadful expense the club was about to be put to, and while of course there would be profit in it for him, he was sincerely sorry for them.

"I repeat," he added, "those boats you could have had for nothing, but the others I'd have to charge you for, though of course I'll give you a discount."

And he blinked again, as he meditated upon whether that discount should be an eighth or one-quarter of one per cent.

"The *Flying Dutchman*," he pursued, "ain't no good for your purposes. She's too fast. She's built to fly by, not to stop. You'd catch up with the House-boat in a minute with her, but you'd go right on and disappear like a visionary; and as for the Ark, she'd never do—with all respect to Mr. Noah. She's just about as suitable as any other waterlogged cattle-steamer'd be, and no more—first rate for elephants and kangaroos, but no good for cruiser-work, and so slow she wouldn't make a ripple high enough to drown a gnat going at the top of her speed. Furthermore, she's got a great big hole in her bottom, where she was stove in by running afoul of—Mount Arrusroot, I believe it was called when Captain Noah went cruising with that menagerie of his."

"That's an unmitigated falsehood!" cried Noah, angrily. "This man talks like a professional amateur yachtsman. He has no regard for facts, but simply goes ahead and makes statements with an utter disregard of the truth. The Ark was not stove in. We beached her very successfully. I say this in defence of my seamanship, which was top notch for my day."

"Couldn't sail six weeks without fouling a mountain-peak!" sneered Wren, perceiving a chance to get even.

"The hole's there, just the same," said Charon. "Maybe she was a centreboard, and that's where you kept the board."

"The hole is there because it was worn there by one of the elephants," retorted Noah. "You get a beast like the elephant shuffling one of his fore feet up and down, up and down, a plank for twenty-four hours a day for forty days in one of your boats, and see where your boat would be."

"Thanks," said Charon, calmly. "But the elephants don't patronize my line. All the elephants I've ever seen in Hades waded over, except Jumbo, and he reached his trunk across, fastened on to a tree limb with it, and swung himself over. However, the Ark isn't at all what you want, unless you are going to man her with a lot of centaurs. If that's your intention, I'd charter her; the accommodations are just the thing for a crew of that kind."

"Well, what do you suggest?" asked Raleigh, somewhat impatiently. "You've told us what we can't do. Now tell us what we can do."

"I'd stay right here," said Charon, "and let the ladies rescue themselves. That's what I'd do. I've had the honor of bringing 'em over here, and I think I know 'em pretty well. I've watched 'em close, and it's my private opinion that before many days you'll see your club-house sailing back here, with Queen Elizabeth at the hellum, and the other ladies on the for'ard deck knittin' and crochetin', and tearin' each other to pieces in a conversational way, as happy as if there never had been any Captain Kidd and his pirate crew."

"That suggestion is impossible," said Blackstone, rising. "Whether the relief expedition amounts to anything or not, it's good to be set going. The ladies would never forgive us if we sat here inactive, even if they were capable of rescuing themselves. It is an accepted principle of law that this climate hath no fury like a woman left to herself, and we've got enough professional furies hereabouts without our aiding in augmenting the ranks. We must have a boat."

"It 'll cost you a thousand dollars a week," said Charon.

"I'll subscribe fifty," cried Hamlet.

"I'll consult my secretary," said Solomon, "and find out how many of my wives have been abducted, and I'll pay ten dollars apiece for their recovery."

"That's liberal," said Hawkshaw. "There are sixty-three of 'em on board, together with eighty of his fiancées. What's the quotation on fiancées, King Solomon?"

"Nothing," said Solomon. "They're not mine yet, and it's their fathers' business to get 'em back. Not mine."

Other subscriptions came pouring in, and it was not long before everybody save Shylock had put his name down for something. This some one of the more quick-witted of the spirits soon observed, and with reckless disregard of the feelings of the Merchant of Venice, began to call: "Shylock! Shylock! How much?"

The merchant tried to leave the pier, but his path was blocked.

"Subscribe, subscribe!" was the cry. "How much?"

"Order, gentlemen, order!" said Sir Walter, rising and holding a bottle aloft. "A black person by the name of Friday, the valet of our friend Mr. Crusoe, has just handed me this bottle, which he picked up ten minutes ago on the bank of the river a few miles distant. It contains a bit of paper, and may perhaps give us a clew based upon something more substantial than even the wonderful theories of our new brother Holmes."

A deathly silence followed the chairman's words, as Sir Walter drew a corkscrew from his pocket and opened the bottle. He extracted the paper, and, as he had surmised, it proved to be a message from the missing vessel. His face brightening with a smile of relief, Sir Walter read, aloud:

"Have just emerged into the Atlantic. Club in hands of Kidd and forty ruffians. One hundred and eighty-three ladies on board. Headed for the Azores. Send aid at once. All well except Xanthippe, who is seasick in the billiard-room. (Signed) Portia."

"Aha!" cried Hawkshaw. "That shows how valuable the Holmes theory is."

"Precisely," said Holmes. "No woman knows anything about seafaring, but Portia is right. The ship is headed for the Azores, which is the first tack needed in a windward sail for London under the present conditions."

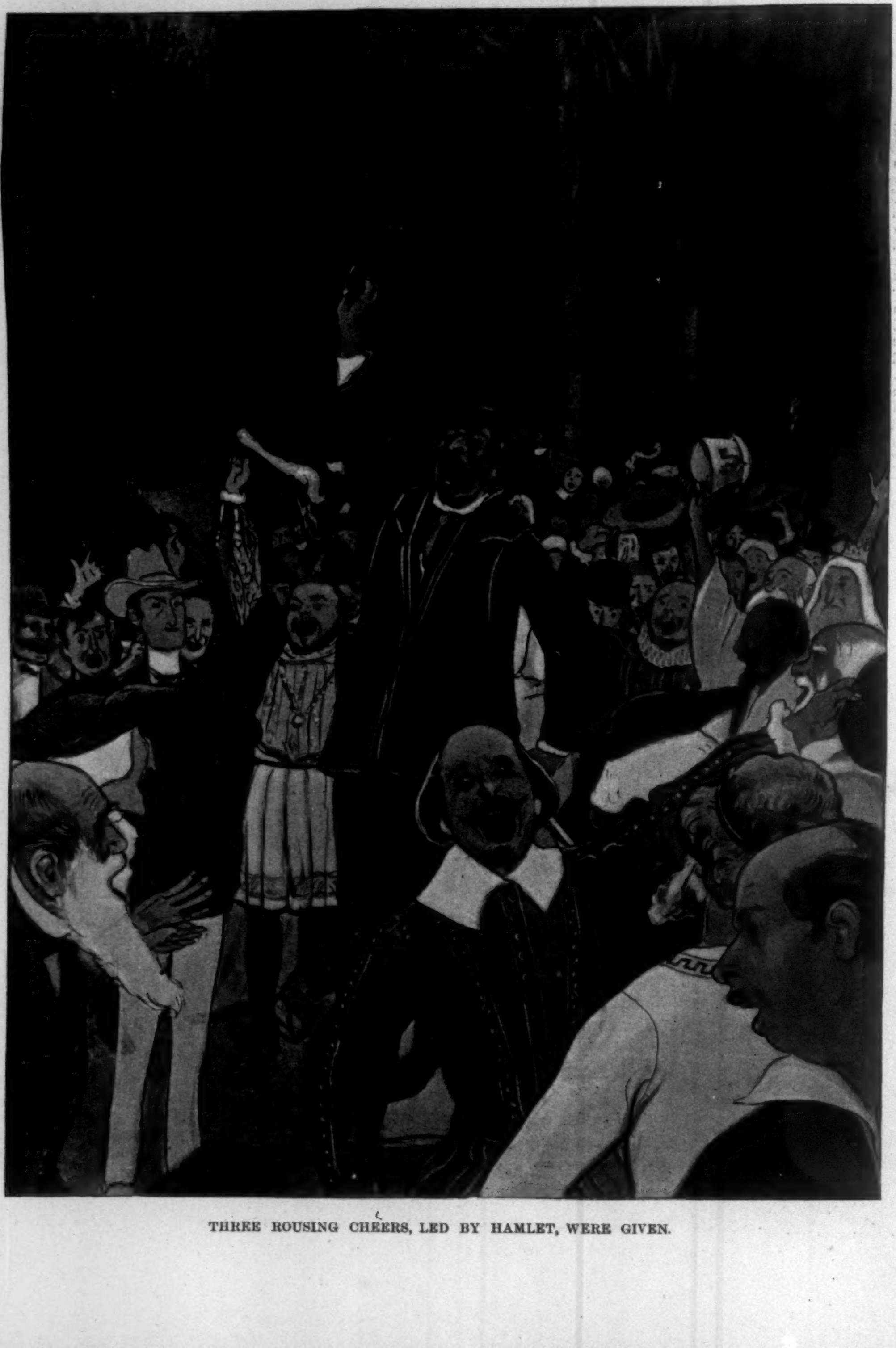
The reply was greeted with cheers, and when they subsided the cry for Shylock's subscription began again, but he declined.

"I had intended to put up a thousand ducats," he said, defiantly, "but with that Portia on board I won't give a red obolus!" and with that he wrapped his cloak about him and stalked off into the gathering shadows of the wood.

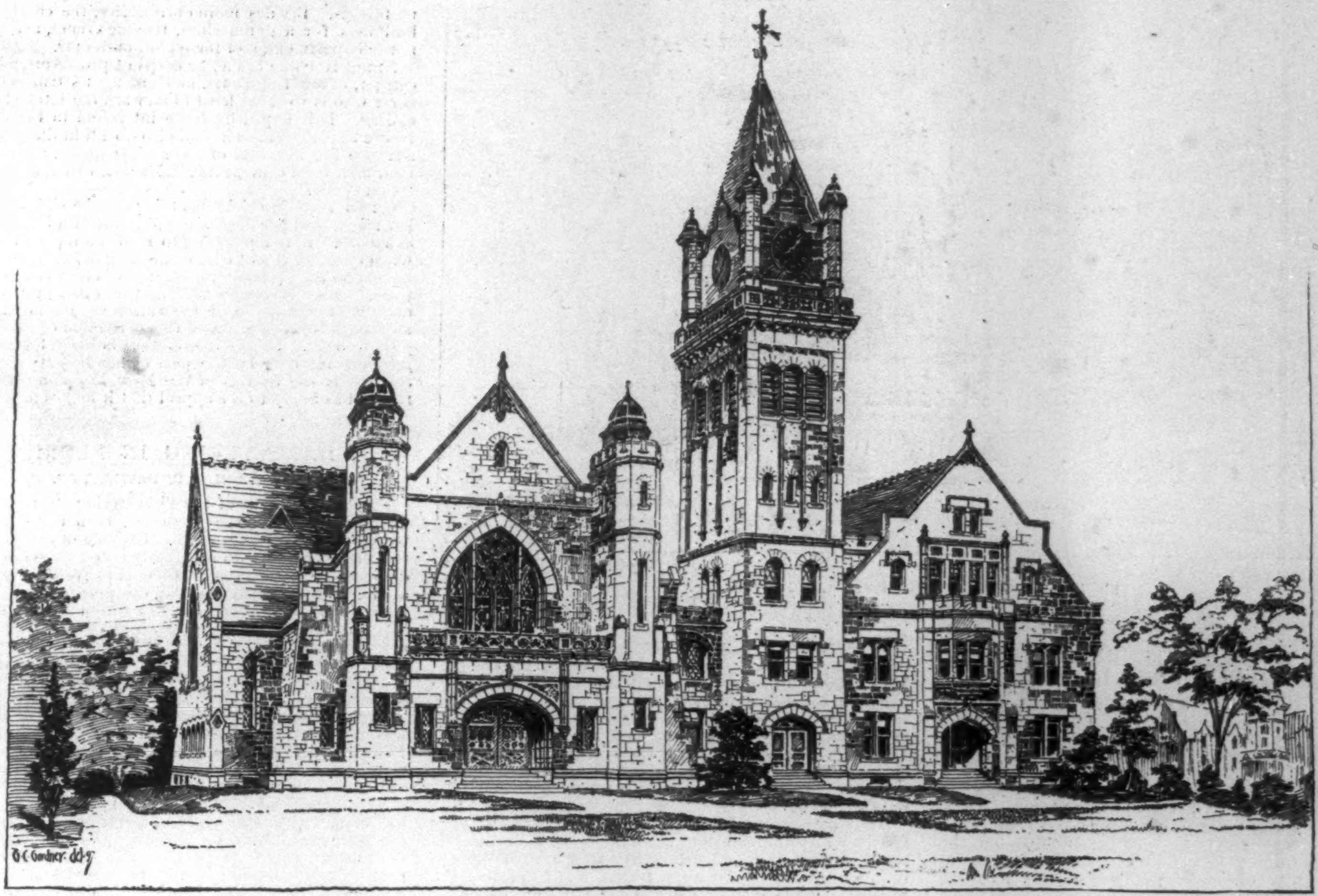
And so the funds were raised without the aid of Shylock, and the shapely twin-screw steamer the *Gehenna* was chartered of Charon, and put under the command of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who, after he had thanked the company for their confidence, walked abstractedly away, observing in strictest confidence to himself that he had done well to prepare that bottle beforehand and bribe Crusoe's man to find it.

"For now," he said, with a chuckle, "I can get back to earth again free of cost on my own hook, whether my eminent inventor wants me there or not. I never approved of his killing me off as he did at the very height of my popularity."

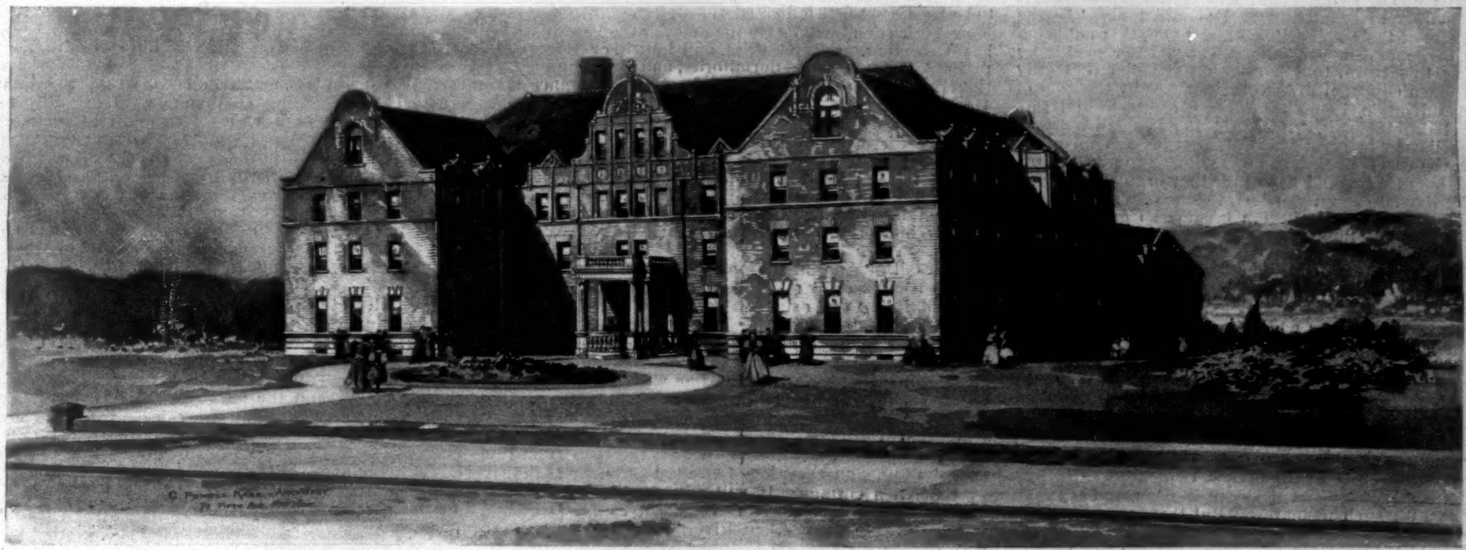
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



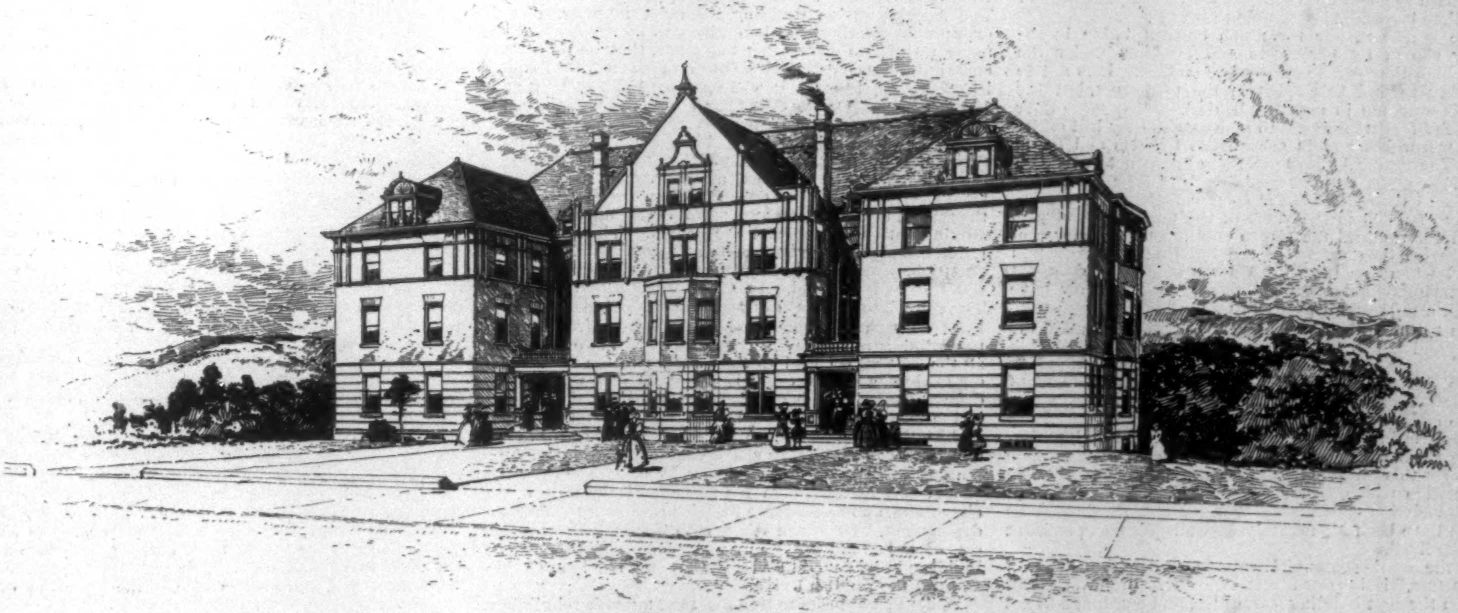
THREE ROUSING CHEERS, LED BY HAMLET, WERE GIVEN.



THE NEW ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND CHAPEL.—From the Architects' Drawing.

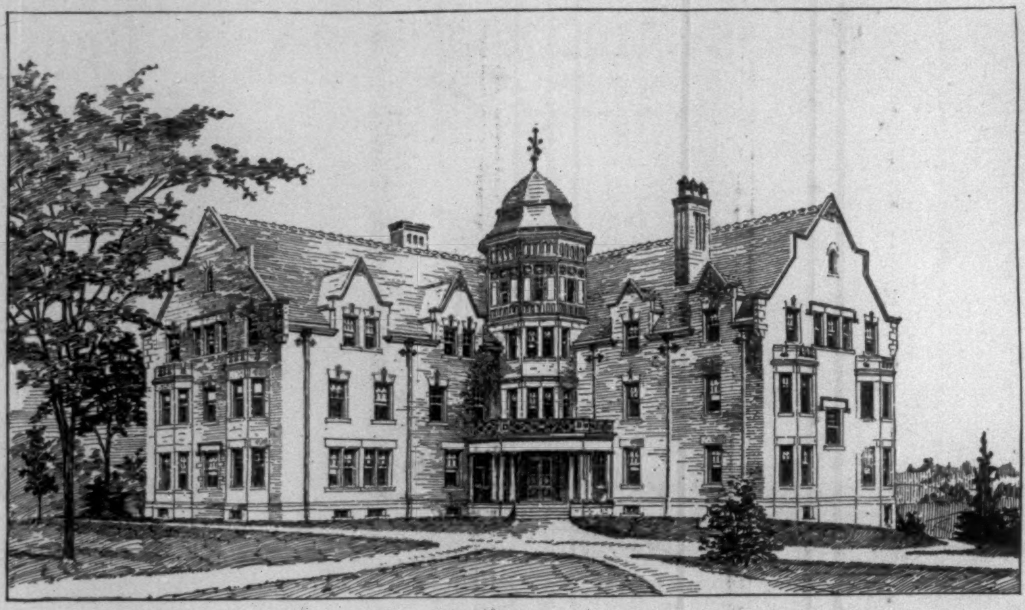


WEST DORMITORY.



DORMITORY NUMBER THREE.

THE NEW BUILDINGS OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE, SOUTH HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 186.]



NEW DORMITORY, MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.

One unfamiliar with the history of the first plain, unattractive-looking building of Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts, would be astonished to learn what a hold it has on thousands of hearts. It is like the early picture of a young girl to her mother. To the maternal eye the awkwardness, the plainness, and the angularity count for nothing. Her daughter has developed into robust womanhood, and she loves to contemplate the wonderful change. Such are the feelings of lovers of Mount Holyoke as they look at the picture of their beloved institution, aged one in November, 1837, when Mary Lyon was able to receive eighty pupils under its roof.

De Tocqueville, visiting America about this time, remarked to a friend, "If I were asked to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of the American people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply, 'To the superiority of their women.'" Mary Lyon, that noble example of American womanhood, showed her genius by grasping this truth, together with the belief that only with women educated to take their places by the side of men could our body politic attain a complete and full-rounded development. She paid the usual penalty of early believers in great principles. She was misrepresented, she was ridiculed, she was allowed to perform unaided labors that would have killed an ordinary woman. But she lived to see a wonderful change. The demand for entrance to her institution became so great that in 1841 the first building was enlarged to the south with a part of the south wing. The great middle class, for whom she labored, responded nobly in support of her seminary, and it became filled then with, and has continued to remain full of, "not the very rich, not the very poor, but of that great middle class which contains so much of the strength and power of the nation."

In 1853 the extension known as the north wing was built, and two hundred pupils could be sheltered. Later the south wing was extended, and an addition containing the gymnasium and laundry was erected. By this the north and south wings were connected and the quadrangle completed. It was this historic pile that was destroyed by fire on the 27th of last September—a great calamity surely to happen to any institution, and especially to one with such memories. But there was cause for gratitude in that none of the new buildings, like Lyman Williston Hall, the Lydia Shattuck Hall for Science, the Observatory, and the Library, were destroyed. The saving of the Library was especially fortunate, as it was connected with the main building by a covered passage, and at one time it seemed impossible to save it.

There is also matter for much congratulation in the bravery shown by professors and students under the trials which they are now forced to endure. It is not so surprising to find this spirit in the professors, but the students were not in any way behind. Many were their acts of self-forgetfulness. In many cases they lost entire winter wardrobes, and in other cases trinkets and furniture. The young ladies bore these losses not only with cheerfulness, but without repining, because they placed the loss to their *alma mater* so much above their own. Worthy of recall is the work of the untiring band who packed for removal the 15,000 volumes the Library contained when the safety of the building was despaired of, and when the heat must have made the work not alone trying, but dangerous. Many students now have to walk a mile and a half and two miles from boarding-houses to the college. This means hard work amid the storms and snow of a Massachusetts winter.

But now as to the plans for the future. On Founder's day, in November, 1896, Mrs. Edwin Atwell, president of the New York and Brooklyn Alumnæ, laid the cornerstone of Mary Brigham Hall. This is to be a dormitory accommodating between forty and fifty, and with parlor, dining-room, and various offices on the first floor. The funds for this structure have been raised by the Alumnæ Association which Mrs. Atwell represented, in honor of the association's first president—Mary Brigham, who would have been Mount Holyoke College's first president had she lived.

In the semi-centennial volume, under the head of "Trustees," it is stated that Deacon Andrew W. Porter was on the first building committee, and continued to act in that capacity and as treasurer on the board of trustees during forty years. When any building or repairs were going on, he used to drive from his home in Munson on Monday, and return Saturday, "leaving his own extensive business in other hands, providing his own conveyance, entertaining himself and horse, and making no charge." When Deacon Porter died, in 1877, Mr. Williston, who came on the board in 1867, took up the self-sacrificing work that "the very best man the storehouse of God could furnish" (as Miss Lyon said of her early friend) laid down, and by noble gifts and constant foresight and energy has shown himself a worthy successor. Mention should also be made of the work of Mrs. Williston, likewise a trustee.

Great patience and much discrimination are necessary for the wise expenditure of the limited funds at the command of the college. To show that they are exercised, it is only necessary to give a few facts. The $10,000 of Dr. Pearson's noble gift of $50,000 for building, which he kindly allowed the New York Alumnæ Association to use to make up the amount lacking on the $30,000 the Mary Brigham Hall was to cost, has been restored to its giver, to be used as at first indicated, through the generosity of a New York friend, who gave the amount the latter part of last December. Second, third, and fourth, or Western—perhaps Pearson Hall—dormitories, and the Administration Building are being erected from the insurance and Dr. Pearson's gift. These four dormitories will accommodate nearly 250 students. The style of architecture is Early English Renaissance. The architects are Mr. William C. Brocklesly, of Hartford, architect of Mary Brigham Hall; Mr. C. Powell Karr, of New York city, architect of dormitories No. 3 and No. 4, or Western Hall; and Messrs. Gardner, Pyne, & Gardner, of Springfield, architects of dormitory No. 2 and Hall of Administration.

The Hall of Administration, containing, besides offices, a chapel and secular audience hall, will stand where the burnt building did, except it will be a few feet farther back. Its frontage will be about the same. Mary Brigham Hall is to the south and east of the Administration Building, and will be the first to be completed, in April or May. Still further east, and in line with each other, will be dormitories No. 2 and No. 3. These will have a capital outlook, for the land sloping towards the creek and lake will give a charming view of Goodnow Park on Prospect Hill. Western Hall will stand across the road from the main building, on the plot of ground formerly occupied by the Allen cottage. It will command a fine view of Mount Tom, over a beautiful stretch of country through which runs the Connecticut River. The ground has not been broken for Western Hall nor for the Administration Building, but in early spring work will be started, and by September, in time for the opening of the scholastic year, it is hoped all these buildings will be completed. The Administration Building, the most important of the group now erecting, will be entirely of stone, and will be made up of two connecting buildings, that on the north containing the chapel, and the one on the south the administration department. It will be some 150 feet long and 100 feet deep. On the first floor are the reception-room, president's room, and treasurer's room. The main entrance leads to a large hall with mosaic floor, finished throughout in quartered oak, which runs directly through the building. At either end are staircases. A side hall from the administration section leads to the chapel, and in the central tower is a common entrance leading both to the administration section and the chapel. The second administration story is given up to an assembly hall. When partitions are rolled back, a single room accommodating 400 people is formed. In the third story are studios. The chapel, to the north of the tower, is entered from the front through vestibules, and at the south directly from the Administration Building, and there are two entrances at the east which lead to the campus in the rear. The auditorium, a Greek cross, is about 60 feet wide by 75 deep. At the front is a gallery reached by two staircases in the towers flanking the porch. The east end contains, besides the platform, two anterooms with space for organ and the large ventilating shafts for the auditorium. The windows will be of stained glass. In the story below the chapel is a reading-room for the use of the students, a class-room, and half a dozen practice-rooms for the musical department. Of brown stone, with low arched entrances carved and moulded, with irregular outline and tower, the building in its general style will suggest the later Gothic work of the English university towns.

While this appears to be a fine *start* towards rebuilding, it can readily be seen that it is only a start. The dormitories planned do not accommodate the number of students usually found at the college, to say nothing of the larger numbers that may be attracted to an institution entering upon a new and more comprehensive term of usefulness. Besides more dormitories, the college needs buildings for a gymnasium, reading-room, art gallery, music department, and for recitation-rooms.

Mount Holyoke has a fine corps of professors, a band of earnest, devoted students, and among its trustees a treasurer who is working hard to forward the interests of the college. It is hoped by those interested in the college's future that the alumnæ will also do all in their power to advance the interests of their *alma mater*, and not fold their hands and content themselves with wishing the cause "God speed!"

Queen Victoria celebrates this year the sixtieth year of her reign, as this college completes the sixtieth year of its existence. It is interesting to read the reply of her son, when questioned as to how she would like best to commemorate the event—"By bequests to benevolent institutions." So it is seen that the desire to benefit and elevate mankind has come to be the ruling motive in the life of England's sovereign. And this is the aim of Mount Holyoke College. There will doubtless be a loyal, hearty, and generous response on the part of her Majesty's subjects, and surely the friends of the New England college will respond as nobly to the appeal that it makes to them.

FILIBUSTERING IN FLORIDA.

BY THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

The most famous of the filibustering steamers are the *Three Friends* and the *Dauntless*, both mere sea-going tugs, but stanch and speedy. Capable of carrying but a few tons of cargo, with absolutely no passenger accommodations, one or the other of them slips from her moorings at the least expected moment, disappears; and then follows the report of another expedition landed in Cuba. The *Commodore*, which recently sank off the Florida coast, also belonged to the fleet of Florida filibusters, and although the smallest and of the least value of the three boats, she served her purpose. Her last mission before sailing on her ill-fated voyage to Cuba was to deceive the revenue-cutter *Boutwell*, which, led to believe that she was about to take an expedition, came up the St. John's River from Mayport to watch her more closely, and thus missed the *Three Friends*, which actually took the expedition, and proceeded to Cuba that very night.

This expedition, the last made by the *Three Friends*, left Fernandina on the night of December 15. Just as the sun was going down on the afternoon of Christmas eve the missing vessel appeared at Key West. A crowd of people flocked to the wharf where she was making preparations to tie up, and in answer to the custom-house officer's call to know from whence she came and why, her captain replied,

"From the Atlantic Ocean!" and "to spend Christmas!"

Simultaneously with the announcement of her sudden appearance at Key West was the report of the vessel's having fired upon the Spanish at the mouth of the San Juan River, southern coast of Cuba. The story was received with surprise, and has since been more or less discredited. Considering the sympathy that really exists throughout this country for the struggling Cubans, it has so far been impossible for our government to prove any violation of the neutrality laws. Every man who sails on one of the filibusters knows that he is a party to the offence, if there be any committed, and consequently he is protected by the court from giving any evidence which may tend to incriminate himself. Thus I am in a position to know that the *Three Friends* did fire upon the Spanish, while I am not in a position to prove it before a United States court.

The fate of the *Virginius* and her unfortunate crew is too well impressed upon the minds of the captain and crew of one of these modern filibusters for them to think of being captured without their making some attempt at self-defence, and only owing to the poor marksmanship of the Spaniards, and the final discharge of the field-piece mounted upon the deck of the *Three Friends*, did the filibuster make her escape. I suspect that the gun was mounted on the forward deck of the *Three Friends* without the slightest belief that it would be used at all, but this time the Cuban artillery force was made up of an Irishman and an American, with a Columbian as commander.

The coast seemed clear, and a boat was about to be lowered, when under the shadow of the mountain the outlines of a Spanish vessel were discerned. Almost simultaneously with its discovery there was a report, and a two-pound shot came whizzing over the *Three Friends*. The boat, which proved to be merely a launch, immediately sent up signal-rockets, which were answered by another vessel about the same size as the American. The two Spaniards started in pursuit, and the captain of the *Three Friends* signalled the engineer to give her full speed. On came the Spaniards, sending shot after shot over the vessel.

Then Mike Walsh and an American by the name of Taylor got to work on the field-piece. They lost a few moments, as their officer, the Columbian, had put a shell into the gun without priming it, but Walsh signalled the captain to bring the *Three Friends* about so that he could get the range of one of the pursuing vessels. Then there followed what the negro cook describes as an explosion. The darkness turned to a fiery glow. Every window-pane of the cabin was shattered. The cook, who was just stepping into the cabin, fell over his assistant with the cry:

"I's full o' bullets! They done got right ahead of us." And the assistant moaned from his recumbent position on the cabin floor, "Yes, Jim, dey done cotched dese niggers dis time."

The chief engineer, who but a few hours before had been telling how he would like to get a chance at the Spaniards, tumbled down among his machinery, leaving the signal-bells to be answered by the oiler, who stood at his post. Cuban soldiers fell into the fire-room, from whence they were helped on deck by the firemen armed with pokers, while one of their number lay prostrate on the deck in a dead faint. The gun broke its lashings with the recoil, and stove a hole in the bulwarks of the vessel.

The surprise and consternation attending this single shot fired from the *Three Friends* must have been seconded by the enemy, for the Spaniards immediately gave up the pursuit, and the American filibuster was allowed to go her way without further molestation. Undoubtedly the Spaniards felt ashamed of their cowardice, for in their report of the chase to the Captain-General they failed to state that they had either fired or had been fired upon. For my part, I do not see why there should be any case of piracy against the *Three Friends* while the Spaniards refuse to admit that she fired upon them.

After this affair, which has been called Cuba's first naval battle, the expedition was taken back to American waters and landed on one of the Florida keys. The *Three Friends* then came into Key West, coaled up, and, in charge of a government officer, proceeded to Jacksonville. Five days later her sister filibuster, the *Dauntless*, slipped out of the St. John's River, proceeded to No Name Key, and there took on board the stranded expedition. In the face of a violent gale the stanch little tug steamed into the Florida Strait, and for two days remained fairly at the mercy of the wind and waves. Cape San Anton was passed when more moderate weather was encountered, and on the afternoon of the third day out the *Dauntless* came to an anchor in Corrientes Bay. The coast was desolate. Not a single human being to be seen on land nor a sail in sight.

Boats were lowered, and immediate preparations began for landing the thirty tons of arms and ammunition. There were thirty-eight Cubans to remain with the cargo. Many of these were in such a pitiful plight, after so many days of hardship, that they could scarcely lift a box of ammunition or pull an oar. Nevertheless, with the aid of the stalwart negroes, the whole expedition was landed within two hours.

By looking at the map of Cuba, it will be seen that this expedition was landed near the extreme west end of the island—that part of Cuba (Pinar del Rio) which Captain-General Weyler claims to have pacified. After the landing was made, every one on board the *Dauntless* was cautioned to keep the landing-place a profound secret, for the lives of the poor fellows who had been left behind depended upon it, as also the safety of the arms and ammunition. This was done. And now we read the Spanish report that an expedition recently landed in Corrientes Bay, and "it is judged that this expedition came from the United States, by the American labels on the boxes strewing the beach." Following this is the report of the capture of a rebel hospital not far away. Those who have been in the Cuban war know what this means.

There is one thing connected with filibustering that our people do not seem to understand, and that is, while Spain is exacting the utmost vigilance from us to prevent the landing of expeditions in Cuba, her own vessels are usually at anchor in some safe harbor, and the sight of a Spanish man-of-war on the coast of Cuba is an exception to the rule. I once asked a Spanish officer why such and such a war-ship had been so long at anchor in the bay of Cardenas. He answered,

"Well, you see, it costs a great deal to move those vessels, so they remain in port most of the time."

Equally incomprehensible to the Spaniards is the utter incapability of our legal system to prove any violation of our neutrality laws by the alleged filibusters, which are known to land arms and ammunition in Cuba. They do not understand the right which our Constitution gives a witness to refuse to give evidence which might tend to incriminate himself. Such an admission before a Spanish court would entitle the witness to a life sentence in the Chaffarine Islands.

In the State of Florida, where the most of these alleged expeditions are tried, there is scarcely an American who is not in sympathy with the Cuban cause; and if for no other reason than a desire to see fair play, are many of our citizens willing to make sacrifice that the Cubans may obtain arms and ammunition with which to protect themselves in their struggle against overwhelming odds.

CHILD CRIMINALS AND THE "NEW JOURNALISM."

In connection with the recent discussion in Congress of the bill requiring that immigrants shall be able to read, it is worth while to consider certain passages in the twenty-second annual report (lately printed) of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. President Gerry, in the course of it, notes that child-criminals are increasing in New York, and that as a class they seem to have entirely changed. The larger number of them, he says, are children of newly arrived foreigners who are too poor and too ignorant to take proper care of their families. Many of these children are intelligent, learn quickly to read, and seize on the most available literature that offers. That is, of course, the penny newspapers, and they naturally prefer those with the most and liveliest pictures. What happens? Mr. Gerry tells. He says that children held for crime frequently compare their exploits with those chronicled in these newspapers, and that the officers of the Gerry society constantly report that "very young girls who have committed grave immoralities give as a reason 'the love of notoriety and a desire to see themselves illustrated in the newspapers.'" Mr. Gerry adds:

> I know of no more effectual method of diverting the young from the paths of virtue and common honesty than by continually saturating their minds with prurient ideas, vicious stories, and tales of crime, in which the criminal is pictured as a hero, and the narrative provokes inquiry from curiosity. Dime novels are bad enough, but the criminal news costs almost nothing to purchase. It is the enemy of the human race, and especially of the poor and ignorant. The intelligent neither read nor believe it.

In the face of these reports, and of facts under everybody's observation, it seems doubtful whether, in New York at least, immigrants and their families who can read are necessarily in a more advantageous position to be rapidly transmuted into good citizens than those who cannot. However, it appears that their children learn to read very quickly anyhow, so that even illiteracy would not protect them long.

RATTLETY-BANG.

Ev'ry person who dotes upon racket and noise,
And who stentorophonic alarums enjoys,
Who loves the gay sound of the cable-cars' clang,
Ought to dwell in the city of Rattlety-Bang.

Oh, Rattlety-Bang is a clamorous town,
Where ev'ry sound tries ev'ry other to drown,
As the cabs and the trucks and the wagons go whang
O'er the Belgian-block pavements of Rattlety-Bang.

There the milkman's loud whoop, and the steam-whistle's shriek,
Arouse you at daybreak, though slumber you seek;
If you heard yourself speak, it would give you a pang
In the ear-splitting city of Rattlety-Bang.

And when Sunday shuts off the wild street venders' yells,
You awake to the clangor and chiming of bells,
Which ring while they swing as in steeples they hang,
To harden the sinners of Rattlety-Bang.

On the street, organs greet you wherever you go,
There are "L" roads above, there are horse-cars below;
In the house, your steam-heater goes jinglety-jang—
Oh, it keeps your nerves jumping in Rattlety-Bang!

But although you love quiet, to get on in life
You must keep up the fight in the thick of the strife;
So you fall into line with the rest of the gang,
And blow your own trumpet in Rattlety-Bang.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Siegert's—the only genuine Angostura Bitters. It is useless to offer imitations.—[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Be sure you get Pears.

PEARS'
MADE BY
PEARS

"And fast by hangs this pendant to the world"—It's Pears'—The soap that, like a rich jewel, brightens even beauty's charms—Matchless for the Complexion—Luxurious for the bath—and cheapest, for it lasts longest.

Sold everywhere. Used everywhere.

Try Pears' Shaving Stick.
THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS 25 CTS

"THE ONLY DENTIFRICE OF INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION"
SOZODONT POWDER
USE TWICE A WEEK.
Sozodont
FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

There are two important points of marked difference between SOZODONT and all other dentifrices:—

1.—Its world-wide reputation
2.—The combination of liquid and powder in one package.

RECOMMENDED BY DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS AND SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS NEARLY FORTY YEARS.

A Sample for 3c., or complete package by mail or express, prepaid, for 75c.; with Sozoderma Soap (for the complexion), $1. Address P. O. Box 247, N. Y. City.

HALL & RUCKEL,
New York. *Proprietors.* London.

New Books

SHORT STORIES OF
Romantic Adventure

THE LAST RECRUIT OF CLARE'S. Being Passages from the Memoirs of Anthony Dillon, Chevalier of St. Louis, and Late Colonel of Clare's Regiment in the Service of France. By S. R. KEIGHTLEY, Author of "The Crimson Sign," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

The connecting link of interest in these short stories of romantic adventure is the personality of a certain Anthony Dillon, late of Lord Clare's famous regiment. Mr. Dillon is an Irishman and a soldier of fortune, and inclined to be garrulous and even magniloquent at times, but for all that he tells his stories well. His creator, Dr. Keightley, has already done good work in the field of historical fiction.

By Laurence Hutton

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF FLORENCE. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

Following the same plan that he adopted in regard to the points of literary interest in London, Edinburgh, Jerusalem, and Venice, Mr. Hutton takes up Florence in the present volume, and tells his readers of the houses, palaces, and villas that have been made famous by literature or by literary men; and sometimes of houses that have become famous from having sheltered men who were renowned for other reasons—notably Amerigo Vespucci.

A KENTUCKY STORY BY
Eva Wilder Brodhead

BOUND IN SHALLOWS. A Novel. Illustrated by W. A. ROGERS. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

A Kentucky story, with the color and atmosphere which are depicted only by the true artist, who is also to the manner born in the place she describes, "Bound in Shallows" has a curious psychological interest. The hero has many amiable qualities, and is superficially charming, but is wholly deficient in the moral sense. The story is rapid in movement, and full of that humor which is not far from pathos.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

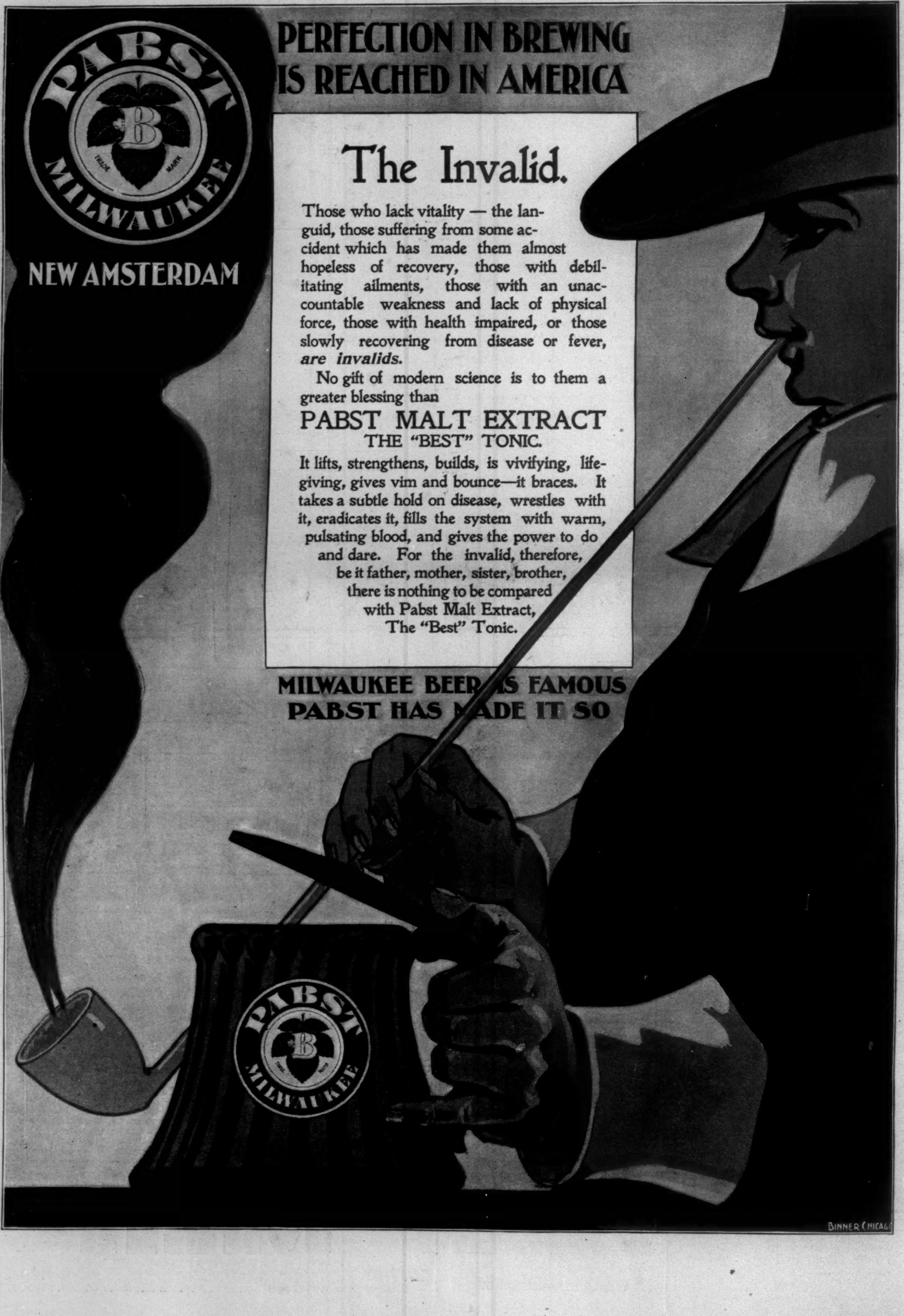
WHITE ROSE
TRADE №4711. MARK
GLYCERINE SOAP
GIBBS & WAGSTAFF, N.Y.

Upheld by Beautiful Women Everywhere as the finest, most delicately perfumed and purest Toilet Soap manufactured. Always ask for and insist upon having №4711. White Rose Transparent Glycerine Soap. Send 15 cents in stamps for sample cake.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U. S. AGENTS

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.
VELOUTINE
SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE TOILET POWDER—CH. FAY, Inventor
9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist
PIANOS and the refined musical public
NOS. 149 TO 155 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK
CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. S-O-H-M-E-R
THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.


PERFECTION IN BREWING IS REACHED IN AMERICA
PABST MILWAUKEE
TRADE MARK
NEW AMSTERDAM
MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS
PABST HAS MADE IT SO
BINNER CHICAGO

The Invalid.

Those who lack vitality — the languid, those suffering from some accident which has made them almost hopeless of recovery, those with debilitating ailments, those with an unaccountable weakness and lack of physical force, those with health impaired, or those slowly recovering from disease or fever, ***are invalids.***

No gift of modern science is to them a greater blessing than

PABST MALT EXTRACT
THE "BEST" TONIC.

It lifts, strengthens, builds, is vivifying, life-giving, gives vim and bounce—it braces. It takes a subtle hold on disease, wrestles with it, eradicates it, fills the system with warm, pulsating blood, and gives the power to do and dare. For the invalid, therefore, be it father, mother, sister, brother, there is nothing to be compared with Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic.

AMATEVR-SPORT

Harvard and Yale are reconciled. Yale will enter the Harvard-Cornell boat-race on the Hudson next June, and the alliance between the two great universities is restored in baseball, track athletics, rowing, and football.

If, as partisans have claimed, Yale's responsibility was the greater for the dissension of two years ago, which finally resulted in athletic separation, she has now made handsome reparation by waiving a time-honored prejudice against three or more cornered boat-racing, and thereby met Harvard more than half-way in the peace-seeking overtures.

Negotiations for a resumption of athletic relations have been making since last autumn, and ever and again frustrated by the difficulty of reaching a rowing agreement.

The situation was perplexing. Harvard was bound to Cornell for a race on the Hudson this year. Yale preferred the Thames, and was opposed to entering a three-cornered race, even assuming Cornell would consent to admit her. Harvard was willing to row Yale a separate race on the Hudson, but disinclined to row on the Thames, which meant subsequently transporting her crew to the Hudson for the Cornell race, or asking Cornell to shift her crew from the Thames to the Hudson for the race with Pennsylvania and Columbia, to which she was committed. Yale finally withdrew her objections to the Hudson, and then the difficulty arose of fixing a date for a separate Harvard-Yale race. Harvard found it impossible to row Yale within three weeks of the Cornell race, and Yale considered it equally impossible to meet Harvard so early in the season. Harvard offered to row Yale any time before the 14th of June, and Yale declined to row except between the 15th and 29th of the same month.

Yale's objections to entering the Harvard-Cornell race were entirely rational. She did not assume Cornell an unworthy competitor; she did not pretend to dispute Cornell's undoubted skill in eight-oared rowing, nor lay claim to supremacy in American university rowing. She did not even allege superiority for the Yale stroke over the remodelled Cornell stroke. Yale argued that the interest of her crew and of her *alumni* and undergraduates lay not in racing for the "championship" of college boating, but in meeting Harvard, her natural rival. She was not disposed, therefore, to accept this year from Cornell courtesies to repay which in future years would disconcert her boating sentiment and tradition.

Harvard replied to this that unless Cornell was willing to admit Yale to the three-cornered race unconditionally—*i. e.*, without exacting or expecting a future meeting—Harvard would neither ask Yale to enter that race nor refuse to meet her in other sports if she did not; but if Cornell was willing to admit Yale unconditionally for the single year, then the possibility offered of Harvard and Yale meeting in the four sports, and Harvard, adhering to her original position supported by captains and coaches and athletic committees, would insist on a renewal of relations in all sports or in none.

Cornell, as might be expected—for her sportsmanship is traditional—announced her pleasure in admitting, without a condition, Yale to the Hudson race. Yale, in a commendable display of sportsmanship and good judgment, accepted the situation.

And so ends the story of the reconciliation. May another never be needful! Harvard and Yale should now enter into an agreement for ten, certainly not less than five, years.

Although Yale is not committed to and Cornell does not expect another meeting, none the less I am inclined to think we shall see other races, dual ones, between Yale and Cornell crews. It would not be surprising, indeed, if this Harvard-Yale-Cornell meeting leads to Harvard and Yale adding another race early in the season to their respective calendars. Not as a regular fixture, perhaps, but as an occasional event.

The three-cornered race on the Hudson for this year will probably postpone the proposed American Henley week at New London until '98. We are all very much in favor of a racing week at New London similar to the one on the English Thames, but believe its success will be best assured by deferring its inauguration until the leading rowing colleges of the country—Harvard, Yale, and Cornell—are in a position to give it unqualified support. This is not possible this year.

The rule recently passed by the Executive Committee of the Golf Association defining the conditions under which aspirants for championship honors must qualify, has been pretty thoroughly discussed among the players, and the general concensus of opinion is that the standard has been placed too high. We all agree, however, that the step is in the right direction, and that some legislation on the subject is necessary to prevent a first-class event in amateur sport from degenerating into a kindergarten for the exploitation of the duffer. His presence has been for years an annoying feature in the tennis tournament at Newport, swelling the tournament list to undue proportions, and making the weeding-out process a long and tedious one. The duffer *per se* does not deserve and should not have any standing in a national event of any kind, and the only way to suppress him is to have a qualification standard for all alike. Last July at Shinnecock there were eighty starters (too many), and if this year's meeting should go to an Eastern club, it is quite possible that there would be double that number to handle. Some standard is therefore a plain necessity.

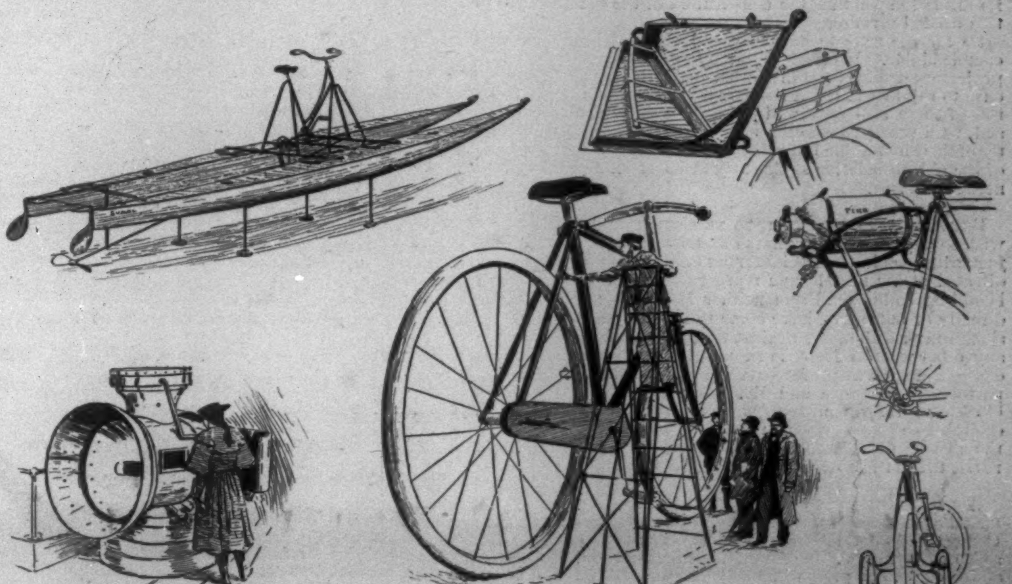
Two principal objections are urged against the rule as it stands, and for convenience of discussion I reprint the resolution adopted by the Executive Committee:

> Members of clubs belonging to this Association desiring to qualify as competitors in the amateur or open championship contest must have the secretary of the club from which they enter certify that their handicap, if any, is not more than six strokes from scratch for eighteen holes. Clubs belonging to this Association shall handicap their members on the following basis of scratch distances from tee to hole:

Under 165 yards	3 strokes.
165 yards and under 310	4 "
310 yards and under 450	5 "
450 yards and over	6 "

A score computed under this arbitrary system is called the par score of the course, and differs from the Bogey score in that it takes no account of special difficulties, the lie of the land, or the specific character of the course. Distances between the holes is the only factor, and in theory the chances are supposed to equalize one another when spread over a series of nine or eighteen holes. As a matter of fact, the par score does, in many cases, closely approximate the regular club Bogey in the total number of strokes for the round. Bogey, at Ardsley, is 38, and the par score would be 39; at St. Andrews Bogey is 39, and the par score 38. It would seem from these figures that a player has virtually the same chances against the par score as against the established Bogey, and that the only question to be considered is that of handicap allowance.

But now let us take two eighteen-hole courses, the Morris County and the Knollwood, and compare them according to this mechanical system. Any player who is familiar with the two courses mentioned will agree with me in saying that the Knollwood round is the harder by from four to six strokes. In actual playing length there is not much difference, the Morris County course (as it stands at present) footing up 4257 yards, and the Knollwood 4466 yards. The difference of 209 yards in favor of Morris County need not be taken into account, seeing that it is distributed over a series of eighteen holes, but Knollwood, from the nature of its hazards and the character of its lies, is certainly the more difficult round. I have not at hand the figures for the two Bogey scores; but Harriman's 84 is the best that has been done at Knollwood, while Tyng has scored 75 (in a private match) at Morris County, a difference in the amateur records of *nine* strokes. Again, both clubs held open tournaments during October, and the top scores (for two rounds, or 36 holes) ran as follows: At Knollwood, 182, 182, 185, 191, 194, and 197; at Morristown, 170, 178, 178, 179, 181, and 183. Of course this comparison is not a perfect one, since the list of players was not the same; but Armstrong played in both competitions, making 197 at Knollwood, and 179 at Morristown. It is enough to show that Knollwood is distinctly the more difficult course of the two.



SOME NOVELTIES AT THE BICYCLE SHOW, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Tappan Adney.

Let us calculate the par scores according to the distance schedule:

MORRIS COUNTY.

Holes....	170	167	198	357	297	355	185	300	257
Out......	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4=38
Holes....	437	144	333	159	157	193	198	180	170
In........	5	3	5	3	3	4	4	4	4=35=73

KNOLLWOOD.

Holes....	247	247	345	400	425	246	196	150	317
Out......	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	3	5=39
Holes....	154	169	154	257	196	238	356	197	172
In........	3	4	3	4	4	4	5	4	4=35=74

There is therefore a difference in the par scores of just one stroke in favor of Knollwood, which is absurd, and which seems to show that any mechanical rule of comparison is an impossibility. A golf course is not like a racquet court, where home and visiting players may meet on virtually the same terms; it has a distinctive character and a standard of play that belong to it alone, and there is no common standard of measurement between it and any other golf course. On one course a score of 80 may mean first-class play; on another the same degree of skill may be numerically expressed by a score of 85. And yet the par score in both cases may very possibly be the same.

There is still another objection to any mechanical system. Given an established course that has upon it three holes of the following lengths—164 yards, 308 yards, and 447 yards; it would be a great temptation to the green committee to move the tees back one, two, and three yards respectively, for these holes that are just on the border-line. The change would make absolutely no difference in the playing character of the course, but it would increase the mechanical par score by the respectable addition of three strokes. And again, in the laying out of new links, would there not be a tendency under this ruling for green committees to cut their pattern according to their cloth? We should have all sorts of monstrosities in the way of holes unnaturally stretched out and shortened up for the sake of the biggest possible par score. The sporting character of the holes would be lost sight of in the effort to gain an extra stroke at every possible point; it would be the old game of l.-w.-l. and sail area under a new name.

It would seem a satisfactory solution of the problem if the Association accepted the established Bogey scores of the several clubs as the basis of differentiation, and then determined upon a fixed handicap allowance as a basis of correspondence. It might be thought advisable to appoint a special committee of the Association to revise the old and pass upon any new Bogey scores, and also to sanction any revision made necessary by changes or alterations in the several courses. But this Bogey in every case would stand as the established rating of the course, and the basis of all calculation and comparison. It would be, however, perfectly equitable for the Association to accept all the existing Bogeys as they stand, and to impose upon such a committee only the task of fixing the new or changing the old ones upon good and sufficient grounds. Upon these established Bogeys the Association would place its fixed handicap of six, ten, or twelve strokes, the actual figure to be decided from the general character of play throughout the country.

Another objection to the rule as it stands is sufficiently obvious to every one. A handicap of six strokes on a par score is too severe. At Shinnecock the par score is 73. Add six strokes, and the eligibility limit is 79. At the meeting last year, out of the eighty men who entered in the double medal round, only one player (Whigham) returned a card under that figure. Comment is unnecessary; on such a basis the entries for this year's meeting could be counted upon the fingers of one hand. With the Baltusrol limit at 73+6=79, the Shinnecock at 73+6=79, the St. Andrews at 76+6=82, the Morris County at 73+6=79, and the Knollwood at 74+6=80, it is doubtful if there would be more than one or two to qualify out of the whole batch of native players. For example, 82 at St. Andrews has never been beaten by an amateur, and only equalled once. These scores belong in the professional, and not in the amateur class, and whether par or Bogey is adopted as a basis, the fixed allowance must be increased.

One suggestion has been made which the Association would do well to consider. It is the question of scoring in team matches, and it has been the subject of much discussion among English golfers. Under the present system all the players must negotiate the full course (match play), and the entire number of holes won or lost by each man appears in the score. The obvious objection is that a team may lose a large majority of the individual matches and yet win the team match. The following is perhaps an extreme, but not at all improbable case:

A. of the Red team beats A. of the Blue team by six up. B., C., D., E., and F. of the Blues win over their opponents of the Red team by one hole each. The score will then stand—Red, 6; Blue, 5. The Red team has lost five out of six matches, and yet the team victory is awarded it. And it constantly happens that a team may lose a majority of the single games and yet win the match.

A reasonable solution of the problem would be to rule that each match should count by itself as one point, and that the bye-holes (if any) should be played as new and distinct games, and count as half a point to the side that scores them. As the whole object of the team match is to decide team and not individual superiority, it would certainly seem that this plan would give more satisfactory results than the old method. Another point in its favor is that it adds a new interest to the contest. A player may lose his match and yet win his bye, or *vice versa*, and there could be no letting up or playing off at any stage in the struggle.

The National Lawn-Tennis Association has issued its final ranking and handicapping of the players of 1896 as follows:

Class 1 (owe quarter fifteen).—R. D. Wrenn, W. A. Larned, C. B. Neel, and F. H. Hovey.

Class 2 (scratch).—E. P. Fischer, G. L. Wrenn, Jun., and R. Stevens.

Class 3 (one-quarter fifteen).—M. D. Whitman, L. E. Ware, G. P. Sheldon, Jun., and C. R. Budlong.

Class 4 (two-quarters fifteen).—E. Wrenn, J. P. Paret, J. Terry, J. F. Talmage, Jun., and G. H. Miles.

Class 5 (three-quarters fifteen).—G. W. Lee, J. D. Forbes, W. M. Scudder, and J. C. Keeley.

Class 6 (fifteen).—D. F. Davis, H. Ward, R. P. Davis, W. A. Bethel, C. P. Dodge, J. C. Davidson, and A. P. Hawes.

Class 7 (fifteen and one-quarter).—C. Cragin, R. Fincke, R. H. Carleton, Y. M. Edwards, and H. E. Avery.

IN THE COURSE OF TEN YEARS' uninterrupted study of college athletics, I have never approached a situation with so many confusing elements as presented by the discord in central New York over the proposed organization of a new governing league. It is a situation so perplexing that only the utmost intimacy with past history and its record of internal disturbances could put one in position to discuss it intelligently and justly. The lack of such intimacy, which one not directly concerned in the management of the institutions could hardly be expected to have, and the remembrance of many noisome athletic scandals that have come from that section, betrayed me three weeks ago into a misinterpretation of Syracuse and Rochester's opposition to the new league. Since then I have obtained all the facts from both sides, and been given the opportunity of studying the constitutions of the old Association and the proposed new league.

BRIEFLY STATED, IT APPEARS TO BE A CASE in which either side, meaning well, has yet erred in not giving due consideration to the needs and sentiments of the other. And perhaps the projectors of the new league are the greater sinners.

There is no doubt that under the old Association distortion of athletic ethics had, in times past, been frequent and disturbing; it is equally undeniable that in November, '96, when the discussion of a new league was rife and its formation pending, the constitution of the old Association needed revising.

So far the scheme of a new and clarified league was commendable. It failed of worthy eventuation when its projectors declined the invitation of Rochester and Syracuse to rejoin the old Association, and ignored the promises of these two universities, whose athletic conduct for at least a year past should have been a sufficient guarantee of their honorable intentions, to amend the constitution of the old Association sufficiently to cover all desired and needed reforms.

BEFORE GOING DEEPER INTO THE SUBJECT, however, I wish to deplore the very harsh and, so far as I know, unjust criticisms in the Rochester and Syracuse newspapers directed at the new league representatives of Union and Hamilton colleges. From neither Hamilton nor Union, directly or indirectly, have come to me charges of professionalism or dishonesty against Syracuse or Rochester, or any other central New York university. Moreover, no charges of present professionalism were made in this Department. Syracuse and Rochester were criticised for blocking a reform movement which unquestionably was desirable—a criticism which certainly seemed pertinent in the absence of information of their signified intention to revise the old Association constitution.

A LITTLE HISTORY IS NEEDFUL to a thorough understanding of the situation. The New York State Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association was organized so long ago as '85 by Syracuse, Rochester, Union, Hamilton, Hobart, and Colgate, but prior to '93 collegiate athletics were solely under student management, the faculties taking little or no interest in them, and the condition was very impure. Professionalism in athletics and arrogant fraternity spirit went hand in hand. The Association evinced no concern for wholesome sport, and beyond holding an annual track-athletic meeting, did nothing to warrant its existence. At that time Syracuse and Hamilton were the most prominent in athletics, and the pennant usually lay between them. I might cite individual instances of deflection from athletic ethics, but it is not my purpose to go into such detail.

The first effort for reform came in '93, when the Syracuse faculty appointed a committee to investigate the causes responsible for this state of affairs, and subsequently published a statement of principles seeking reform of abuses. This resulted in the adoption by Syracuse of resolutions looking to the active supervision of athletics by the faculty—and the good work began. But abuses were hard to eliminate and athletic managers difficult to control, and the reform made way slowly. With the introduction of a faculty system of control, and the awakening of a more wholesome spirit at Syracuse, that university assumed the lead in the more healthful movement making in central New York, and became the backbone of the Association.

IT WILL BE INTERESTING to learn how the old Association at this time ('94) provided for the needs of the hour. Under Article XI., Section 1, of its '94 rules, I find,

> Any regular student who has pursued a course of study for ninety (90) days immediately preceding the annual field-day in any of the colleges composing this Association shall be entitled to contest in the annual field meetings.

Thus we see that in '94 a student need not be even an amateur to be eligible to the contests of the Association, except as provided in the very general and loose way set forth under Article VI., Section 7:

> The rules governing the field meetings of this Associaton shall be, in all cases not provided for in this Constitution, those of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America.

It must be remembered that this Association did not in any way govern any branch of college sport, but track and field athletics, and there is little wonder, considering the general ethical ignorance and indifference, that "ringers" ruled and hirelings flourished.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of this Association in '95, with all the colleges still in membership, including Union and Hamilton, Mr. George H. Bond, of Syracuse University, introduced the first proper definition of an amateur in the following resolution, which was adopted as Sec. 2 of Article XI.

> No professional athlete shall take part in any contest of this Association, nor shall any contestant of any college be paid or receive, directly or indirectly, any money or financial concession or emolument, as present or past compensation for, or as a prior consideration or inducement to contest, whether the same be received from or paid by or at the instance of the college association, athletic committee, faculty of such college, or any individual whatsoever.
>
> Furthermore, no one shall be eligible to take part as a contestant in any championship games of the Association who is not a (bona fide) student of the college on whose team he contests, matriculated for the current college year, and regularly receiving a course which requires his attendance upon at least ten lectures or recitations a week.

This was the rule in force when last autumn discussion of a new league was entered upon.

THE OBJECTIONS TO THE ASSOCIATION RULES as they were up to two weeks ago may be briefly stated as follows:

(1.) There were in reality three separate leagues,—one each for baseball, football, and track athletics.

(2.) They were managed solely by undergraduates.

(3.) No scholarship standard was provided.

(4.) No restriction on the number of years a man could represent one university.

Besides these objections, the football and baseball leagues were practically moribund, if indeed not dead.

This was the situation when, last October, a faculty conference, at which all the central New York colleges were represented, was held at Syracuse, for the purpose of agreeing upon a common scholarship standard for athletes, number of hours attendance at recitations and lectures required of students, and for an informal discussion of the athletic question from the faculties' point of view. Nothing was said at this meeting definitely about reorganization of the old Association, or the organization of a new one, but it seemed to be the sentiment of the meeting that harmonious effort for pure sport could best be assured by ignoring past differences. Subsequent meetings developed a differentiation in opinions, in which Syracuse and Rochester were arrayed against the others, on number of hours a week to be required of students. It was shown that the courses varied to such an extent that an extreme rule in either direction would not put all the institutions on an even footing. This was the time when the variations of Syracuse and Rochester should have been taken into consideration, and the scholarship standard placed accordingly. At the fourth meeting, November 28, '96, a new league was proposed, and the following rules adopted to govern eligibility in all branches of athletics:

> 1. Competitors must be regular students, candidates for degrees, or, if special students, must be taking not less than twelve hours of recitations per week.
>
> 2. Students having more than two-term conditions will not be allowed to compete unless the faculty of his college certifies to the advisory board that he is properly qualified.
>
> 3. The Mott Haven rule on professionalism.
>
> 4. No student shall be allowed to compete in the same branch of athletics for more than four years, whether he changes from one college to another or not.

NOW IN THE MEETING at which these rules were adopted every one of the six colleges was represented by three delegates—a faculty member, an alumnus, and an undergraduate—which made eighteen delegates in all. The absurdity of the charge that Union and Hamilton with their six delegates ran the meeting on a "cut and dried programme" is therefore apparent. But it is a fact that the projectors of the new league created some doubt as to a desire for wholesome sport being their sole reason for wishing a new league, by ignoring the statement of Rochester and Syracuse that the old Association rules would be amended satisfactorily and needed reforms instituted if Union and Hamilton would rejoin it.

Rochester and Syracuse further declared their belief in rules that would apply to the eligibility of candidates to teams in all sports, but thought the scheme of one league having the active management of all sports with schedules, etc., would be too unwieldy. Certainly a tenable objection. Notwithstanding these representations, however, the convention by a close margin voted to form a new league, to come into existence when four colleges agreed on a constitution. Rochester and Syracuse delegates, being bound by instructions, declined to commit their colleges, even provisionally, to the new league, and offered to withdraw, but were invited to remain and help draft an outline for a constitution, which they did.

Both Rochester and Syracuse opposed the twelve-hour limit, because it would work an injustice to their students in many courses—music, architecture, science, etc. Rochester wanted eight hours as a limit, but was willing to go into the new league at ten. Syracuse was also ready to join with the limit fixed at ten hours. Considering the limit in the Intercollegiate Association of America to be only five hours (entirely too low, however)—the request of Rochester and Syracuse was reasonable, always, of course, taking into account the difference between their curriculum and those of the other central New York colleges.

NOT TAKING THESE DIFFERENCES into consideration was the second blunder the projectors of the new league made.

It seems to me that Syracuse and Rochester should have been given great consideration, since they were already known to be in sympathy with wholesome sport, and each thoroughly organized to that end. Rochester has two governing committees: an Advisory Committee of five—three alumni members, elected one each year by the alumni, and two faculty members, appointed annually by the faculty—and an Executive Committee of the students, one member from each class, and the president, vice-president, and treasurer of the Students' Association. The joint committee constituted of these two committees sitting together is the final governing body; and as the vote is by committees, and the Chairman of the Advisory Committee, who presides, casts the deciding vote in case of a tie, the Advisory Committee is practically the responsible body. It passes upon all athletic elections of captains, managers, etc., and with the captains and coaches selects the teams. No election is valid unless ratified by this committee. The Executive Committee attends to the immediate details of college athletics, subject to the advice and control of the joint committee.

The general controlling athletic committee of Syracuse consists of sixteen members, which, for the purposes of practical management of football, baseball, and track athletics, are divided into active subcommittees. The General Committee takes in as associate members the managers and captains of the several teams, and these are also entitled to a place on the sub-committee governing their respective sports. Incidentally—because I doubt if it is generally known—Syracuse has four colleges (liberal arts, fine arts, medicine, and law) and 1140 students. It has also a fine athletic field, with a grand stand that accommodates 1500 people, a gymnasium, and a baseball cage.

IT IS THEREFORE EVIDENT that the projectors of the new league, always assuming their sole wish to be harmonious effort for healthful athletics, made their first error in not accepting the invitation to rejoin the old Association and pursue reform in that direction; and that their second error, in holding to the twelve-hour rule despite the representations of Syracuse and Rochester, was fatal, since it defeated the very purpose for which they were striving—*i. e.*, united effort for the common good.

Rochester was ready to co-operate with the new league if the hour limit was placed at ten, and so was Syracuse.

ALL THIS EVIDENCE GOES TO SHOW that the objections of Syracuse and of Rochester to joining the new league were not based on attachment to the old Association, but on dissatisfaction with the rules adopted by the projectors of the new league at Utica, November, '96. In fact, in mass-meeting (before November, '96,) Syracuse passed a resolution favoring entering the new league.

Furthermore, until this dissension was commented upon in this Department three weeks ago, there was not even a suggestion heard in central New York that Hamilton and Union were "dictating" to Rochester and Syracuse, or to any of the other colleges. If the new league had not unwisely clung to the twelve-hour rule, it would have been formed by now and in active service. It is well for those who are exploiting themselves through the columns of the local press to bear these facts in mind. The original intentions of the new league sponsors were honorable and highly commendable; they failed of reaching the end in the way they proposed, but they have succeeded in arousing the old Association to greater activity in legislating for wholesome sport. So, after all, the sportsmen of central New York are their debtors.

WHETHER BECAUSE OF THE AGITATION created by the discussion of the new league or as the result of internal progression, nevertheless the old Association, about two weeks ago (January 29, '97), met in Syracuse and amended Article XI., to read as follows:

> A person, in order to be considered eligible to compete on any of the athletic teams within the jurisdiction of this Association, must be an amateur athletic under the definition promulgated by the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America.
>
> He shall further be a regularly enrolled student in a college of this Association, taking a course involving ten hours recitations or lectures a week, since the previous October 15.
>
> No member of any team shall be paid or receive directly or indirectly any money or financial concession or emolument as a present or part compensation for, or as prior consideration or inducement to contest, whether the same be received from or paid by or at the instance of the college association, athletic committee, faculty of such college, or any individual whatsoever. Nor shall any one represent his college more than four (4) years in any branch of athletics.

Beside which, it was agreed that when the consent of the colleges is obtained, this definition is to be applied also to baseball and football teams, and "shall be so specified in the revised constitution."

It was further provided that all the offices of the Association be opened to faculty, alumni, and undergraduates (undergraduates only having heretofore been elected), and hereafter an athlete whose status is questioned must furnish his personal affidavit in addition to a faculty guarantee.

Thus the old Association has fulfilled the promises of revision made by Rochester and Syracuse last autumn, and put forth a constitution which we criticise in but two particulars. Section 2 of Article I. should be amended to convey the Association's intention of ruling ethically for all sports, and another section should be added to Article XI., forbidding a student who has two conditions from representing his college on any team, or being a candidate for any college team while so conditioned.

I HAVE NOW, I THINK, followed this somewhat intricate discussion through its important phases from the first to the last. It may not have appealed to the general reader, and yet there is a principle involved that affects college sport everywhere.

There remains now only to sum up the case. Here are six colleges in central New York, all of them undoubtedly loyal to the cause of healthful athletics. All of them have belonged and four of them are present members of an Association formed in 1885. The two not now members were retired from this Association because of their own transgressions. In a meeting at which all six of the colleges are represented the rules of this Association are declared unsatisfactory, and a majority declares for improved rules. This improvement is promised by the leading members of the Association. Pending the final organization of a proposed new league, these improvements are made by the Association.

That, it seems to me, is the situation, shorn of its side issues.

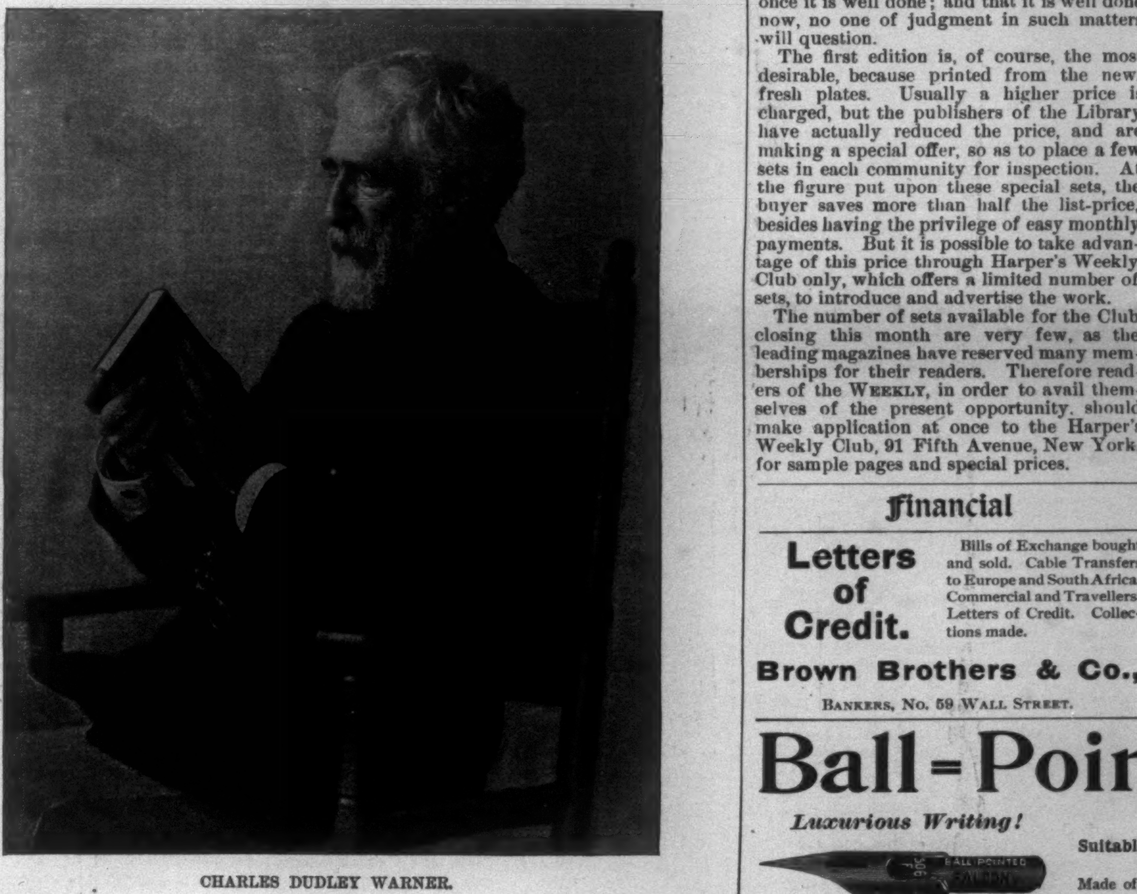
Now what is the obvious course of the reformers—for let us so call the new league projectors. The chief end for which they contended—improved rules—has been attained. No good can result from a division of the six colleges into two leagues. The improved rules of the Association are better, all things considered, than those proposed for the new league, as the "condition" rule of the latter was nullified by the provision tacked on about faculty certificate of qualification. Manifestly, the course of the projectors of the new league, if we are to have convincing evidence that their real interest is in wholesome sport, is to abandon the new scheme, and join the Association in a harmonious effort for healthful athletics.

Let the hatchet be buried. I would suggest that the Association officially invite Union and Hamilton to membership. Unless I am greatly mistaken the invitation will be accepted, and such a union effected for wholesome sport as will reflect lasting credit upon the colleges of central New York.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"PONY TRACKS."—Written and Illustrated by Frederic Remington.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.—Full Leather, $4 00.—Harper & Brothers.

Charles Dudley Warner's Library



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Last month we were able to commend without reservation the general design, method, and scope of Charles Dudley Warner's new Library of the World's Best Literature.

Upon most careful examination we found that it made good its name; that it did, in fact, take the place of whole libraries of scattered volumes and put the reader in possession of the best of all that has been written, in every age and country, since writing began.

In looking through one of the earlier volumes, our eyes lit, by a mere chance, on the statement that Aristotle's collection of books was "perhaps the first considerable private library in the world," and we could not but reflect on the unfailing love of books in man, since here were we, nineteen hundred years after Christ, examining a work just come from the press to meet the very same desire for a collection of the world's best literature which, four hundred years before Christ, moved Aristotle to the expenditure of a considerable fraction of a handsome inherited fortune.

And this pleasant bit of information, by the way, is typical of the whole work. Its biographical articles are not the dry statistical skeletons of the ordinary encyclopedia, but convey lively impressions of each subject. For instance, the paper on Aristotle, written by Professor Thomas W. Davidson, an eminent Aristotelian scholar, re-creates him into a man; one who, if you should cut him, would bleed; one who led a life of real incidents, which it is a pleasure to read about. And then, when your interest in the man is thoroughly warm, and you feel that you would like to know something of his ideas, you have laid before you the best that survives to us of of his writings, including the one poem of his we have—the noble "Hymn to Virtue." Thus in scarcely an hour's reading, and reading, too, of the most entertaining kind, we make an acquaintance quite sufficient for all the needs of general culture with one of the master-spirits of the world.

But Aristotle, however entertainingly presented, may seem to some readers pretty far away, and they would like assurance of something nearer. Well, then (and we choose quite at random), here is Thomas Bailey Aldrich, an Amercan poet and story-teller of our own time, and of whom all know something. A sketch of but three pages gives us a complete, vivid impression of the man, and fixes for us his place and purpose in literature. Some thirty pages more supply us with excellent specimens of his stories and thirteen of his choicest poems in full. We doubt if one could gain any juster notion of the man and his writings than is here presented, but if one wished to make a particular study of Aldrich, and to come to know him down to his last expression, he could introduce himself in no other wise so pleasantly and simply to this larger enterprise as by first reading the Aldrich section of the "Library of the World's Best Literature."

And this suggests a mention of one of the special values of the work. It affords a general prospect of the whole field, which is always a prerequisite of intelligent mastery of any special province, and for those who care to go beyond, it is the most agreeable and also the most trustworthy guide to each special province, and prepares the way to most intelligently and thoroughly cover it. Consequently it is just as useful to the most exacting student of books as to those who read for entertainment, or to acquire general literary culture.

In illustration of the infinite variety of the Library, its provision for every taste and mood, let us make a rapid survey of the contents of only a single portion of the work. In the first volume, only a part of the letter "A" is covered, but see what a sweep and multifariousness that one volume presents! It opens with a delightful account of the historic lovers Abélard and Héloïse, with typical letters of each, and the famous "Vesper Hymn" of Abélard. Here we are making an acquaintance with the close of the eleventh and the opening of the twelfth century. The very next subject, Edmond About, the author of so many well-known tales, transports us to the latter half of the nineteenth century. Then follows a chapter on the general subject of Accadian-Babylonian and Assyrian literature, with an account of the most recent discoveries at Babylon, the names of individual authors in this far-off age being quite lost. This is the oldest literature thus far recovered, and an older will probably never be found. It is inscribed mainly on tablets which it has taken years of excavation to discover and years of scholarship to decipher and translate. The best of it is given here, translated especially for the Library into admirable English.

The turn of a leaf brings us back from old, half-buried Assyria to new America, presented in the person of one of its noblest and most gifted dames, Abigail Adams. Along with an interesting sketch of Mrs. Adams's life and character, by Lucia Gilbert Runkle, is given a generous selection from those enduring letters she wrote to her husband and other members of her family. Other Adamses follow, for it has been a great name in oratory and political literature: Henry, the well-known American historian; John, the second President of the United States, and John Quincy, the sixth President of the United States. Finally, we have Sarah Flower Adams, who wrote "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Then we come to Addison, from whose pen language flowed in its freest and most genial phrases. The most delightful of Addison's immortal essays are reproduced: Sir Roger de Coverley at the play, the Essay on Fans, and so on.

Then come Æschines, the famous orator of the Greeks, and Æschylus, the greatest of the Greek tragic poets; Agassiz, our greatest naturalist, is amply exhibited, and so are Grace Aguilar, William Harrison Ainsworth, Mark Akenside, Louisa M. Alcott, Henry M. Alden, Alfonso the Wise, Alfred the Great, James Lane Allen (the laureate of the "Blue Grass" region), and Hans Christian Andersen — with the best each one has written.

We have named but a portion of the subjects in the first volume; the second is even more interesting, and deals with such subjects as Edwin Arnold, Matthew Arnold, the Arthurian Legends (whence Tennyson drew the stories for the "Idyls of the King," and Wagner the plot of his great opera, "Tristan and Isolde"), Audubon, the American ornithologist; Auerbach, the German novelist; Jane Austen, Francis Bacon, and many others.

In short, all climes, all times have been levied on for the contents of these volumes. "A good book," Milton said, "is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." We have here this vital fluid distilled down to its last potency, so that the full virtue of all good books beyond number has been concentrated into thirty volumes.

The Library is, in fact, all that the most exacting critic could demand in one of its kind. We say "of its kind," but this is hardly a proper phrase, because it stands alone; it is unique. There is no other, nor do we see how, after it, there can be another. A work of such magnitude and costliness in its execution is not likely to be done again, once it is well done; and that it is well done now, no one of judgment in such matters will question.

The first edition is, of course, the most desirable, because printed from the new, fresh plates. Usually a higher price is charged, but the publishers of the Library have actually reduced the price, and are making a special offer, so as to place a few sets in each community for inspection. At the figure put upon these special sets, the buyer saves more than half the list-price, besides having the privilege of easy monthly payments. But it is possible to take advantage of this price through Harper's Weekly Club only, which offers a limited number of sets, to introduce and advertise the work.

The number of sets available for the Club closing this month are very few, as the leading magazines have reserved many memberships for their readers. Therefore readers of the Weekly, in order to avail themselves of the present opportunity, should make application at once to the Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York, for sample pages and special prices.

Financial

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

WHAT
MELBA
SAYS:

"I highly commend the genuine JOHANN HOFF'S Malt Extract. I use it with my daily diet. It improves my appetite and digestion wonderfully." NELLIE MELBA.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents,
NEW YORK.

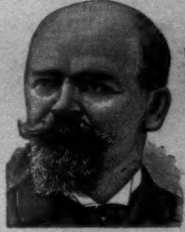
FERRY'S

There has never been a time when growers should guard against failure with more care. There has never been a time when *Ferry's Seeds* were more essential. They are always the best. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Insist on having them.

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL

is full of information for gardeners and planters. There will never be a better time than now to send for the 1897 edition. Free. D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

SEEDS



Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package. Beeman Chemical Co. 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O. *Originators of* Pepsin Chewing Gum.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 853 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs FREE

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

506 F BALL POINTED FALCON
516 BALL-POINTED BANK
BALL-POINTED 521 F

Ball=Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATEN).

Suitable for writing in every position glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, Ball-Pointed pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for* 25 cts., *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*

H. Bainbridge & Co., 90 William Street, New York.
J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Hooper, Lewis & Co., 8 Milk Street, Boston.
A. S. McClurg & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
Brown Bros., Lim., 68 King Street, Toronto.

DUPLICATE WHIST PATENTED

ASK FOR THE NEW
Kalamazoo Ideal
WHIST TRAYS

Duplicate Whist

Simple as the old game with the

Kalamazoo Whist Trays *USED BY ALL LEADING WHIST CLUBS*

The Kalamazoo Ideal Whist Trays are newest and best of all. Simplest to operate. *Cards easily inserted, securely held, easily removed. Small and neat appearance. Always ready. Never out of order*

. . . Ask your STATIONER or . . .
IHLING BROS. & EVERARD, KALAMAZOO, MICH.
Descriptive Catalogue and Full Information by Mail.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR (Czar's Violets) CONCENTRATED PERFUMES
L. LEGRAND (Oriza-Perfumery) 11. Place de la Madeleine, PARIS